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Stone, Louis A.

Two years in the
United States Volunteer Army,
or Around the World Under
....The Stars And Stripes

Two Years in The U. S. V. Army, Or Around the World Under The Stars and Stripes

Two Years In The United States Volunteer Army, Or Around The World Under ...The Stars And Stripes....

BY

Louis A. Stone
Of Co. "I" 41, U. S. A.

**Soldier And Sailor of The Late Spanish
War In The East. :: 1899-1901**

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Louis A. Stone

Of Co. "I" 41, U. S. A.

**Soldier And Sailor of The Late Spanish
War In The East. :: 1899-1901**



James L. True
L. L. True

GL - STOR

Basic

08-27-86

Author's Preface

In the year 1899, when I was assured that I would make a trip around the world, I bought some small note books with which I was able to keep an accurate diary of the trip from day to day, and these same note books are used at the present time as a foundation for this work.

I am proud to say that this little work is not touched with fiction or falsehoods of any kind, and the reader may be assured that every sentence is as near the truth as I have been able to judge by actual scenery and personal experience.

I have endeavored to describe the countries, people, climate, resources and other characteristics of all the countries that I have visited, so this little volume would be interesting and instructive to all who have never had the trip around the world. It has also been my aim to use a plain, simple language, that it may be understood and appreciated by our school children, who may chance to read the work.

Hoping that all who read this little volume will enjoy it as the author did his trip, I remain,

Yours truly,

L. A. STONE.

IT WAS THE TRANSPORT LOGAN.

1

That braved the stormy sea ;
Under the guiding star of hope,
Under the flag of the free
As it plowed the watery deep,
With brave hearts to valor given
While loved ones looked on to weep,
But placed their trust in Him in heaven.

2

When son stepped from the shore
Dressed in a uniform of blue,
Mothers' tears flowed freely once more,
But hoped to his country he'd be true;
Amid the sobs of those who weep,
And who may fill a martyr's grave.

3

The cheers rang loud and long
Amidst the sound of their parting song;
While their lovers' kerchiefs did wave,
Oh! Lord fill not the watery grave
With our noble sons of yore,
But anchor them safely on the other shore;
With freedom's soil beneath their feet,
And freedom's banner floating o'er them.

4

Here penniless and friendless we stand
Ungreeted and unwelcome in a foreign land,

This the time when our grief began
Away from home in a foreign land.
Father and mother old and gray,
Praying for the return of their boy far away:
Here we take our solitary rounds
Amidst strangers—enemies in a desolate ground.

5

In wandering around this world of care,
In all our griefs we've had our share,
We still had hopes to gain the crown;
Amidst the wishes of those who frown,
And as a fox when hounds pursue
Seeks the place from whence he flew:
We still had hopes regardless of the past,
Here to return and die at home at last.

6

We cannot be buried where we crave,
Some mother's son will sleep in a foreign grave.
We went away looking so brave and grand
Yet a part of our ranks are sleeping in a foreign
land,
Some mothers and fathers will look and yearn
For their far away boys who will never return,
But that does not lessen a mother's love;
She hopes to meet him in heaven above.

7

After we have circled this world round,
There's no place like home to be found,
Where health and plenty are not strangers
And our lives not in so much danger.
Tell me no more of our foreign lands:
Our fevered brow is best caressed by mother's hands,
So go, if you choose, where you are feared—
I like home the best where I was reared.

CHAPTER 1

In order to produce a book like the one I have written, it is necessary to start at the very beginning of the trouble in Cuba and come down to the present epoch, or the war with Spain. After this is done I will give the reader a short history of my enlistment. I will tell you after I write this short account of Cuba and the Orient, why I left home, mother and friends, to join in the attempt to put Spain where she is today.

Spain was once the ruler of the seas, the mother of empires. She once owned more territory than all other nations combined. She gloried in her vessels of war, her fine armies, her glittering spears and her authority over the world, but now she is lying in the dust, crouched before the whole world as a fallen and degenerate nation. I shall not attempt to tell you where or what the Spanish possessions were in the early days as every school boy knows this.

The island of Cuba lies a few hundred miles directly south of our own native land, and in 1898 was a Spanish possession. The climate is tropical and the land very fertile, producing almost everything that can be grown in a tropical climate. About two-fifths of the island still lies draped with her virgin forests of palm, cocoanut trees and wild

orange groves. This is one of the finest tobacco producing countries in the world, and produces a grade that is known the world over as Havana, which has never been produced in any other country in the world. I am told that at certain seasons of the year oranges are so plentiful that no one troubles himself about gathering them, consequently they are left to decay in the forest where they grow. The schools of Cuba were bad under Spanish rule, and the children were taught the Catholic religion exclusively, it being the only religion that Spain would recognize. It is also history that Spain has treated the United States with contempt for a hundred years previous to our war with them. She has fired on and captured our ships of commerce, placed our citizens in jail and even murdered them, and when we called for a settlement or an explanation, she would do just like a Chinaman—prove an alibi or anything else to clear herself. It is a historical fact that Spain used the island of Cuba only as a means of enriching her own coffers and to satisfy the Spanish greed for money. The revolt of the Cuban people started in 1873, when the people decided that they were tired of paying a higher rate of tax than their brothers in Spain; tired of not being allowed to worship God according to the dictates of their own conscience; tired of their people being murdered; tired of being deprived of their political liberties, and not being able to enforce their legal rights. A Cuban framed a declaration of independence and war against Spain followed, which lasted for five years. Finally a treaty was formed and signed in 1878, the Spanish government promising to grant the Cubans many concessions which they

failed to do by breaking their agreement soon after the treaty was signed. This state of affairs led to the war-path again by the Cubans, which they kept up as best they could until the conditions got so bad that the United States stepped in and asked for money and provisions to aid the sufferers in the Island of Cuba. Much money and many provisions were raised through the efforts of President McKinley and sent to the suffering, through the National Red Cross Society. The conditions were growing worse and in the meantime Spain was doing her best to build a navy that could compete with ours—but to her ruin as you will learn later. According to the custom of all nations in time of trouble or war, the United States sent the Battleship Maine to Havana Harbor to protect American interests and property if necessary. The Main was a second class battleship and carried twenty-nine large guns, the largest being ten-inch rifles. She carried a crew of nearly four hundred men, and was commanded by Captain Sigsbee. On Tuesday night, February 15th, 1898, at about half past nine o'clock, while the great sea monster was peacefully lying at anchor in the bay, there was a sudden and terrible explosion which rent the air with a loud report and left the great vessel a mass of wreck and ruins. Two hundred and sixty-six of the crew went down to a watery grave. The men who were only slightly wounded were in many cases held fast by portions of the wreck, there to be slowly drowned. This act sent a thrill through the heart of every American, not one doubting that the act had been planned and carried out by the Spanish Government. Officially the American Government did not accept public sentiment, but ap-

pointed a board of inquiry to investigate the explosion. The board found that the explosion was due to a submarine mine on the exterior of the vessel and not caused by any one of the ship's crew, and fixed the blame for the outrage on no one. If there is any one who knows who blew up the Maine, it has been kept a secret for twelve long years to the extent that it has never been published. It is still the opinion that it was blown up by a Spanish submarine mine, and we believed it so strong in 1898 that we put the finishing touch on our feelings by wiping Spain off all the earth except a small printed place on the map, and it is so diminished now that one almost has to take a microscope to find their dominions in the ordinary school geography. The United States was not prepared for war when the trouble arose. We had but few war vessels ready for service, the army was diminished in size and equipment. Finally the United States sent an ultimatum to Spain through our Consul at Madrid that all hostilities in Cuba must be stopped and Spain must evacuate the premises at once. When this was made public in Spain the passport of our consul was returned to him, which, according to the international Law, amounts to a declaration of war. On April the 25th the Congress of the United States declared that Spain had actually begun war when she refused to accept our ultimatum on April the 21st. Hence, the war with Spain was officially declared on April the 25th, 1898. Spain now made an appeal to most all the foreign powers for aid, but received no assistance, not even an encouraging reply. England is the "Bulldog" that kept the other "Fellows" out of the mixup. She declared herself neutral and ordered us to move all our ships at once. Admiral

Dewey was in Hong Kong, and had to leave at once and Congress decided to send him to Manila Bay, and if necessary take the offensive against Spanish ships in that port. Admiral Dewey arrived in Manila Bay, about day-break on a beautiful morning, May 1st, 1898. The battle was fought, the Spanish ships sunk and destroyed—leaving the Spanish fleet in the Orient a thing of the past. A description of the Battle of Manila will be given elsewhere in these pages. The President had obtained money and an order for troops through the Congress of the United States. Men were fast being mobilized and sent to Chicamauga, Tampa, Camp Meade and other places of recruiting. There were soon a full quota of men to take the field, and the enlisting was stopped temporarily. The first objective point was to meet and destroy the Spanish Navy, so the soldiers could be gotten to Cuba without fear of being killed on a transport by the fleet of Admiral Cervera, who had command of the Spanish Naval forces. Our Atlantic Squadron took most of their time in hunting for Admiral Cervera's Fleet, and did not have any fighting, except an occasional bombardment of a land battery when attacked by the enemy. The fleet was finally located and bottled up in the harbor of Santiago, by the American forces on sea. The trouble in keeping them there was that in case of a storm the Americans would have to fall back and in this way the Spaniards would get out and escape, so the idea dawned on R. P. Hobson, to sink the Merrimac in the neck of the harbor, and bottle them up for good. He met and talked with the officers in authority in regard to the matter, which met with their approval. Arrangements were then made to sink the Merrimac, as Hobson had directed. The

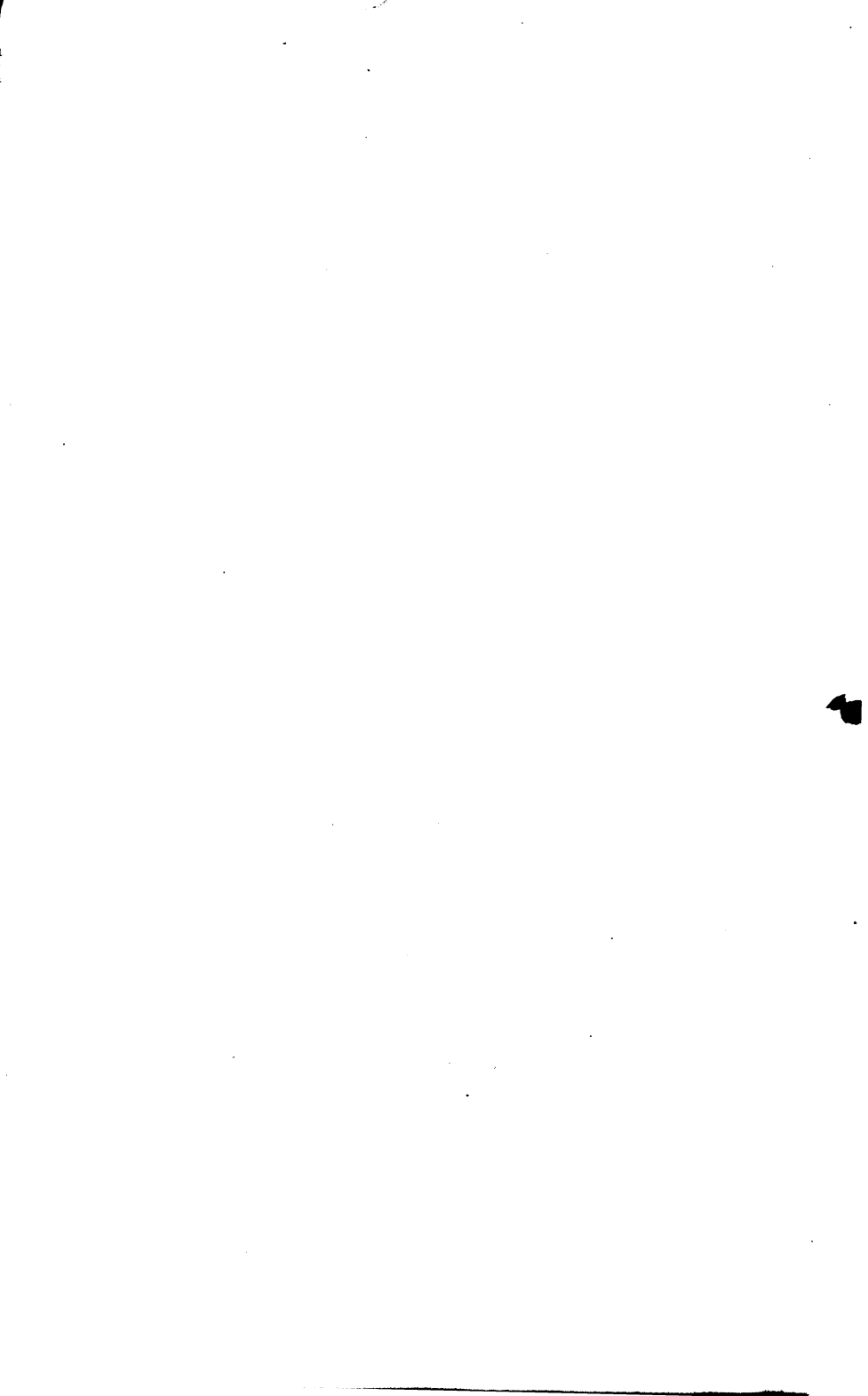
services of one man from each ship were called for, which resulted in almost every man in the Atlantic Squadron applying for a place in the crew. This was the hardest task in putting the plans into effect—that of picking five or six men when many hundred wanted to go. The night of June the first was set as the time to sink the Merrimac, but on account of the inability to get the ship properly stripped and ready for the occasion, the matter was deferred until the night of June the third. The Merrimac was stripped of everything that was of no value in running the ship through the water. There were eight men who took the cruiser into the neck of the harbor, and blew it up—right within the range of the Spanish forts and ships. There was one man in the detail who was not asked to go. He was doing some work on the ship, and when ordered off he refused to go, consequently he got a place in the detail, that he would not have obtained otherwise. The men knew, or thought they knew, they were facing certain death, yet they were ready, willing, and did go. On the night of June the third Lieutenant Richard Pierson Hobson and his brave, small crew set out to sink the Merrimac in the neck of Santiago Harbor. The big craft moved into the neck of the harbor about four o'clock in the morning of June the fourth. She was discovered before getting into place and every gun on the land batteries was turned upon her, but with little effect. She swung around in the neck of the harbor and when in place the great charge of explosives was touched off, which had the effect of slowly sinking her to the bottom of the bay. Hobson and his crew had taken off all

their clothing that could be dispensed with and had procured a raft of timbers which had been tied to the Merrimac, upon which they intended to escape if possible. They managed to get on the raft where they remained all night with their bodies in the water up to their chins. The Spaniards were terribly bothered over this act and could not understand why the Merrimac had been sunken until the next day. Hobson and his crew were captured by the Spaniards the next morning and taken to old Moro Castle where they were confined in one of the most filthy prisons in the world. I am told that the prisons of the civil war were no comparison to old Moro Castle. I would be glad to use the exact words of Lieutenant Hobson in the account of the sinking of the Merrimac, but they are copyrighted and I am unable to use them without permission, which I am unable to secure on account of the rush orders under which I am working at this time. These men were held in captivity for something like one month when they were finally exchanged for a like number of Spaniards. Lieutenant Hobson was in the city of New York not long after the event, when a young lady approached him and kissed him, which is the origin of the so called Hobson Kiss. It was on the morning of July the third that Admiral Cervera tried to escape with his Spanish warships by coming out of the harbor in the early morning. Suppose he thought that our fellows were still sleeping, and he would get away. His ships were seen as soon as they came in sight and a plan for the battle arranged. The Spanish ships were not more than out of the harbor when the fight began. The fighting commenced about sunrise and lasted until about one o'clock in the afternoon, when the last of the Span-

ish war vessels surrendered. This, with the previous destruction of the Spanish fleet at Manila placed Spain without a navy. There were many hard fought battles on the island, of which the battle of San Juan was the hardest and most decisive battle of the war with Spain. The battle of San Juan was fought by the Rough Riders under Col. Theodore Roosevelt and the Tenth Cavalry. Colonel Roosevelt was always in the lead and kept his men nerved to a fighting pitch all the time. The Spanish forces were entrenched at the top of the hill and also protected by the fortifications of a block house. The last stretch of the advance up the hill was made in open and in full view of the Spanish forces. There seemed to be no chance that the place could be captured but when Colonel Roosevelt made the rush and lost his horse by a bullet, he then kept on advancing on foot, calling on his men all the time to fight. There is no power in the world that would have halted those men except instant death. They moved on and on with men falling all the time and captured the place, taking almost all the Spanish forces who had stood their ground. There were many battles in Cuba, which were fought on the style of the one at San Juan, which I will not attempt to describe in these pages. The war with Spain was practically over by the autumn of 1898, although a treaty of peace was not signed until December of the same year. Thus the war with Spain was almost over before I enlisted in the services of the United States. The reader will possibly ask the question: then why did you enlist? Why were you needed? The question is answered in this way: The volunteers who had enlisted in 1898 to serve two years had almost



EMILIO AGUINALDO, THE SELF APPOINTED DICTATOR
OF THE PHILLIPINES.



completed their time and as we had acquired the Philippines and had a standing army in the inlands, whose time was nearly out, it became necessary to get some new men to take their places. When this call was made I enlisted to serve for a period not to exceed June the 30th, 1901. By the time I had gotten to the Philippines old General Aguinaldo, the insurgent leader had declared war with the United States, so it became necessary for us to do some more fighting. We had driven Spain from the islands of Cuba and the Philippine group—had promised the people a form of government of their own when it was safe for them to have it, and had offered them many advantages, but it did not meet with the approval of the insurgent dictator, hence war was again declared resulting in cleaning up two nations practically at the same time. I have endeavored to give the reader the cause leading up to the war with Spain, and the cause of the war in the Orient. The details of the latter will be fully explained in this little volume. I have given a short description of the trouble in Cuba with the Spanish forces. I shall now try to give the reader a bit of my own personal experience, in the trouble in the Far East and the circumnavigation of the globe. Before this I will allow the printer to place next a chapter written by my brother.

CHAPTER TWO.

I am indebted to my brother L. V. Stone, teacher and instructor, for the following narrative: We remember at the close of the sixteenth century that the Spaniards were the only white men who had planted permanent colonies in North America. They held the West Indies, the Greater part of South America, the Philippines and other groupes of islands in the east. As late as the beginning of the nineteenth century Spain still held the greater part of the West Indies, Mexico, Florida and the territory between the Mississippi River, and the Pacific Ocean. In less than twenty-five years Spain had lost or was forced to sell all of her possessions on the mainland of North America. The only valuable islands or possessions she had left in the West Indies were Cuba and Porto Rico.

THE REVOLT IN CUBA.

Spain's cruel treatment in Cuba caused great discontent among the citizens of the island. In 1845, the United States offered Spain one hundred million dollars for the island of Cuba, but the offer was rejected. Later several armed expeditions tried to seize the island, but ended in failure and in the execution at Havana of Lopez, the leader, in 1851. In 1868 a rebellion broke out in Cuba which lasted ten

years. In the Spring of 1895 a new rebellion broke out and the revolutionists declared themselves for Independence or death. This revolt excited the inhabitants of the Philippines, who were under Spanish rule, to declare their independence. There were many American citizens who owned property in Cuba, and of course an enormous amount of American property on the islands was destroyed, and hundreds of Cubans and many Americans starved to death within a single year.

UNITED STATES DEMANDS OF SPAIN, REFORMS.

The United States protested against these terrible outrages, because our Americans in Cuba were suffering the calamity just the same as the Cubans. President McKinley, our great and good president, demanded that Spain put an end to the trouble without delay. The result was that the revolutionists were offered peace and Home Rule but the revolutionists would not accept anything except absolute independence. General Blanco sent an officer to General Gomez, the revolutionist leader, to propose peace. Gomez had the man shot as a spy.

THE DESTRUCTION OF THE MAINE.

Such was the situation in Cuba when an event occurred that suddenly changed everything, and sent two hundred and sixty-six of the boys in blue to a watery grave. The United States Government had sent the battleship Maine on a friendly visit to Cuba, under Captain Sigsbee, and to protect the interests of Americans and American property. On February the 15th, 1898, the Maine, while lying in the harbor at Havana and in the hush of night, with the golden moon looking over her—beautified by countless mil-

lions of stars that made everything look more sublime, within the decks of the great vessel lay two hundred and sixty-six men, the representatives of a noble flag, in peaceful slumber; when suddenly as from the bowels of the great ocean there came a great explosion that wrecked the great ship from stem to stern, and as I have heretofore said, sent the brave men to a watery grave in the darkness of the night. The news of the explosion was one of the greatest shocks that our country has ever experienced and set the blood of every true citizen to boiling with fighting fever. The United States appointed a court of inquiry to make an investigation. The court reported that the Maine was destroyed by the explosion of a submarine mine, but accused no one of being guilty, while the Spanish Government believed that the explosion was caused by something within the ship itself. Spain made a proposition to the United States, that a committee of persons be chosen by different nations to settle the question, which was refused by the United States Government.

PREPARATIONS FOR WAR; THE CALL FOR MEN AND MONEY; WAR DECLARED.

Spain refused to grant our demands; and the President called for two hundred thousand volunteers. A million men stepped forward and offered their services to the flag of the proudest nation in the world. While our countrymen are ready at any and all times to fight for their country, it takes money to finance a war, as much as anything else. Congress appropriated forty million dollars to meet all possible requirements. Congress also passed a revenue stamp act which required the placing of a

revenue stamp on all important documents. This act brought into the Treasury two million dollars annually. War was declared against Spain, April the 28th, 1898.

BOMBARDMENT OF SANTIAGO.

Admiral Sampson and Schley bombarded without effect the defences of Santiago Bay, where Admiral Cervera had taken refuge with his fleet. The entrance to the harbor is long and narrow and is protected by land batteries and submarine mines. This made it very dangerous to enter, or get within a safe range to attack the enemy successfully. In order to keep the Spanish fleet within the harbor, Lieutenant Hobson fell on a plan that failed to do any good, but showed the valor of American soldiers. He took a coal ship to the very neck of the harbor right into the face of old Moro Castle, and blew it up, thinking that this would block the enemy inside the channel. When all was ready to take the ship in and sink her, a call was made for volunteers which was answered by practically every man in the navy, who were present, but only seven men were allowed to go and after the sinking of the vessel, these were captured by the Spanish, but soon were released.

DESTRUCTION OF CERVERA'S FLEET.

General Shafter advanced to assist Admiral Sampson in capturing Santiago, July 1st, and 2d, 1898. Our men stormed the heights of San Juan and El Caney, the Rough Riders being led by Colonel Roosevelt. In spite of the defenses they drove the enemy from their stronghold. Admiral Sampson went down the coast a little way to confer

with General Shafter, about making an attack on the city. Not long after Sampson left, the Spaniards started to come out of the harbor. Both sides opened fire at the same time, (July 3, 1898). A few minutes later the Spanish Squadron was a blazing wreck and Cervera was himself taken a prisoner of war. The Spanish fleet had been destroyed in Manila Bay leaving Spain without a fleet, consequently, the war was over so far as fighting on the seas was concerned.

END OF THE WAR WITH SPAIN.

The battle of Manila Bay and the capture and destruction of the Spanish fleet in Cuba were the principal engagements of the Spanish-American war. There were many minor engagements and later on a war with the natives of the Philippine Islands. Peace was proposed by Spain, through the French Ambassador at Washington. A protocol or draft for a treaty of peace was signed August 12th, 1898. The President at once ordered all fighting to cease. General Miles was preparing for a decisive battle when the President's orders were received. The Spanish Governor at Porto Rico surrendered to General Miles. However, before the news reached the Philippines, General Merritt and Admiral Dewey had captured the city of Manila.

TREATY OF PEACE.

The peace treaty was completed and signed at Paris, France, on December the 10th, 1898, upon the following terms: Spain gave up all right and title to Cuba. She ceded Porto Rico and Guam to the United States. She sold us the Philippine Islands for twenty million dollars. Part of the United States Congress objected to taking the Philippines

without giving the people a chance to say that it suited or didn't suit them, giving their reasons. It was contrary to the free American spirit. We got the Islands just the same and got into trouble as you will see later on.

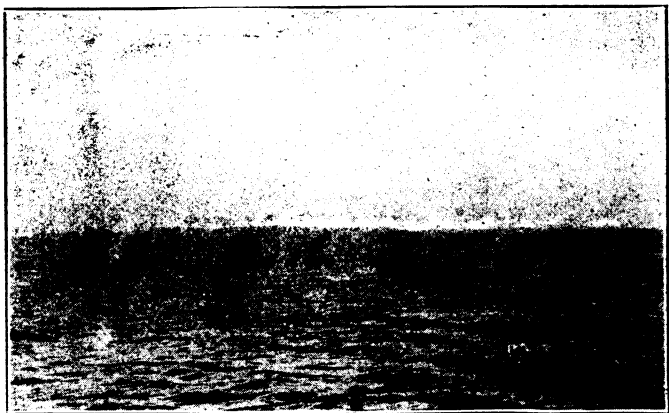
WAR IN THE PHILIPPINES.

On February the 4th, our army in the Philippines was attacked by General Aguinaldo and his native warriors. They lost 2,000 men in the first engagement: Thus, the war in the Far East started, which has proven to be a more serious affair than the one we had with Spain in Cuba. I will now leave the subject with my brother, the author, who went through the war in the Philippines as a United States Soldier,

CHAPTER THREE.

I am a son of Rev. A. B. Stone, and Sarah J. Stone, of Dixon, Ky., I was born in a one-room log cabin, near Tilden, Webster County, Ky., on October the 3d, 1880. My parents started life poor and I am told that their first meal in the little cabin consisted chiefly of meal and potatoes, but I have only tradition for this.

My father started in the ministry before I could remember, hence, I have been trained by a Christian father and mother from my earliest childhood, and any mistake that I have made in life is not due to lack of proper training. I began going to the district schools as early as the laws and my age would permit. I was only five years old when I started to my first school at the old Highland school house, in the neighborhood, in the winter time, and doing as much farm work as I could while my father was away following his chosen avocation. At the age of fourteen years, by chance, I was permitted to enter Poole's Academy. I received the scholarship in quite a unique way. Prof. Poole at that time Dean of Oakland City College, decided to come home and teach his private school and offering each General Baptist minister a full term of ten months free. As my father could not spare the time, I was permitted



FIRST SIGHT OF LAND AT PORTUGAL.



to take his place, which I did with no little pleasure to myself and mother. I remained through the term and at the beginning of the next term I managed to get back again by cleaning the house for my tuition and splitting wood and digging potatoes for my board. I followed this scheme through a three or four years' course under Prof. Poole, whom I love and respect almost as a father.

By this time my father had moved to a farm near Dixon, which was then a good educational town for its size and being convenient for me I started to school again, which was taught by Prof. Poole, who had been engaged to teach during the year 1899.

I started attending school in September and it was not many days until I saw a chance to attend the fair at Owensboro, Ky., with one of the fair sex, and as this was about my first experience with the ladies, I thought that it was grand, and must not be missed. I made the date with the girl as did a number of other young men, who had more money than I.

Finally the time was near at hand to get off on my pleasure trip, and I had no cash and I knew it would never do to mention it to my father, so I asked mother about the expense money. Of course she was in sympathy with me, but was unable to meet my desires: so I buried my face in my hands and thought seriously—finally I decided to try to borrow the necessary cash for my pleasure trip, thinking that it would never do to make a failure and not show up at the proper time, when the other young people should all be waiting for me. I looked up an old friend of my father's who signed his name to a note payable to the Dixon Bank, four months after date, for the sum of \$15.00. Well, I got the

money, and with it I started on foot to Sebree, Ky., where I should join the party next day enroute to Owensboro.

My father was out that day on some business in the country, and fearing that I might meet him returning, I did a little bit of scouting through the corn fields, all the time carefully watching the public road, but sure enough I caught the glimpse of the old family horse coming up the road, and I took to the cornfield again and hid not twenty paces from the road, while my father drove by me, homeward bound, and not dreaming but that I was in school and would be home on his arrival.

After getting in the clear again, I resumed my journey on foot to Tilden, where I overtook the mail wagon and rode to Sebree, where, sure enough, my party was in waiting, but, dear reader, I could not meet them with a good countenance. The way that I had done in order to keep my date was causing my mind to reflect on home, mother, father and many other things.

We were finally all aboard the train, and in due time reached the city of Owensboro, and began to take in the fair. but somehow, I could not enjoy it as the others did, and spent most of my time lounging around my hotel, waiting for my party to get ready to go home, but as I was loitering around the lobby of the hotel, I could not help but think, what will I do when I get home; what will father say to me; what will he think about me borrowing money and slipping away from home on such a foolish trip? All this went through my mind faster than I can tell it, and many times too.

The weight on my brain and conscience was

more than I could bear, so I made up my mind that I would enlist in the Army and go to the Philippines to get rid of my troubles. Dear reader, what would you think would have been the feeling of my poor mother if she had known my intentions at that time? Ah, now I can see how cruel and heartless I was, but too late to save many bitter tears.

Finally my mind was made up, as I had seen the beautiful posters and new uniforms sparkling in all their splendor. I must be a soldier thought I, not once dreaming of the difficulties and disadvantages that I had before me, but when I appeared in front of the stern old recruiting officer, another feeling came over me, when he said: "You will have to get someone to certify to your age." I went down and soon came back with the necessary documents filled out to his liking. I was then examined and pronounced fit for the service by the examiner, after which I was caused to stand erect and hold up my right hand and take the oath of allegiance to the United States Army, for a term ending June the 30th, 1901. The big, fat man, then read to me several articles of war and occasionally he would come to one where the penalty was "Shall suffer death." He would cock up one eye and emphasize that horrible word until he seemed satisfied that I would shudder from the next one. Finally I was a soldier and enjoyed the hospitality of Uncle Sam, at Roby Hotel, he paying my expenses for a few days until we had gotten a group together, then they shipped us to Camp Meade, Pa., furnishing us enroute every convenience and plenty to eat. By the time that we had gotten ready to go to the Army camp, the government officials had gotten a bunch of us lined up.

There were some ten or twelve men besides myself, who had enlisted in the army from one cause or another; some of the men had seen previous service and were trained soldiers—knew nothing except army life and it seemed to suit them. Our tickets were bought and paid for by the government and given to one of the men who had seen previous service. They would not allow us new men to have the tickets, for fear that would be the last seen of us. We left the city of Owensboro about four o'clock in the morning over the L. & N. R. R., for Louisville, arriving in Louisville just before noon. We transferred to the Pennsylvania Railroad Company's line, which was the last stretch of our trip before arriving at camp. Before leaving Owensboro, the government had prepared several baskets of grub for our benefit, but just before getting to Pittsburg, we decided that we would throw away the remainder of what was left and when we reached camp we would get a warm dinner. We threw overboard a couple of baskets of real good edibles, but did not get to camp as soon as we had figured, therefore, leaving us without anything to eat, and, of course, no money. Finally we got to camp, and lined up for that warm dinner that we had been expecting for some time and which we needed badly. We received in a soldier's mess kit, a couple of Irish potatoes, with the jackets on, and a little clear grease, two pieces of light bread and a quart of black coffee. That is the warm dinner we got. It would possibly have not been so bad, but we arrived at camp after the meal, and to make matters worse, the new recruits had not been accustomed to handle these mess kits which are equipped with a long, small handle, and are very easily turned over. Well

mine turned out of my hand in less time than it takes to tell it, after the cook had issued my dinner. I immediately appeared at the kitchen for a duplicate of the dinner which was absolutely refused without any explanation.

Some of the boys who did not lose all of their dinner divided up with me, and by so doing I managed to get a very fair meal of such as they had.

CHAPTER FOUR.

After dinner was over we were sent to the Quartermaster's department, where we were requested to remove our stiff shirts and high collars, and put on the brass buttons over a background of blue.

We were not measured for a suit as I had expected we would be, but they were numbered in a way that every one seemed to get the thing that didn't fit him. I was not very tall and consequently drew a pair of trousers long enough for an African giant, and when I took them back to change, I was told to cut them off with the axe and I would get a fit: hence we changed about our clothing among ourselves and were finally very well suited. I was then assigned to regular duty in Co. "I", 41st regiment, for regular duty, which I always tried to do during my enlistment.

Nothing of very much interest happened at Camp Meade except the daily training and sham battles, which every one seemed to enjoy; but wait until I tell you how we enjoyed the real thing.

A soldier's camp is arranged by placing the tents in rows fronting each other and leaving a street between them with the company kitchen at the head of the street. This makes a very pleasant arrangement, and where there is a number of regiments it

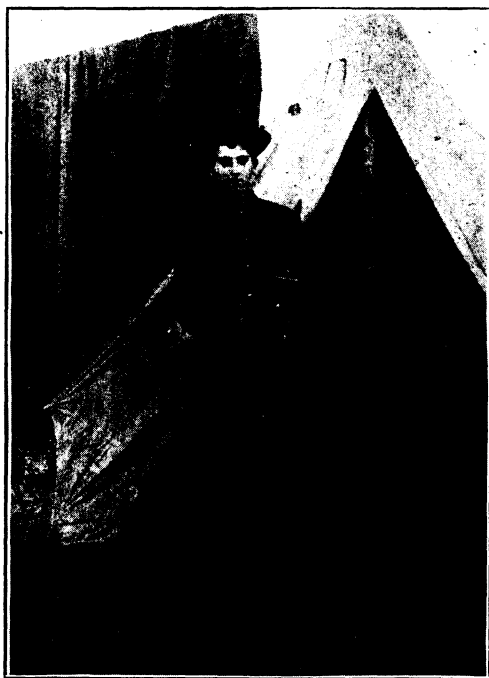
presents some very beautiful scenery. These tents contain two cots of the ordinary folding kind, and each man is furnished one cot and two blankets, while in regular quarters, but of course the cot is dispensed with when on the field. The soldier's mess kit is very convenient and a novel affair. It is a small tin plate, rectangular in form, having a lid that fits tight. This arrangement has a handle that folds over the top for convenience in carrying. This, with a knife, fork, spoon and quart cup of the ordinary kind, comprises a soldier's dining utensils, and until one gets acquainted with handling it, he will lose about half the meals that the cook issues out to him, and there is a chance of not getting your meal duplicated.

The chief articles of food in the army are bacon, potatoes, bread, rice, beef and coffee, which is usually well cooked by a man whom they pick up that has followed the business.

The camp hospital is an institution that does not get the credit that it deserves. This department is attended by the best medical skill that money can buy, there are also trained lady nurses in attendance who help minister to the sick soldiers—everything known to science to help him to get well. I believe that more men are nursed back to health in the Army Hospital by the hands of tender nurses, than are under similar circumstances in our city hospitals. My reason for this is that you take a man and keep him in the society of a thousand men and no women, he will soon get downhearted and does not care what becomes of him, and then let him get sick, go to the hospital and receive that tender care that mother would give him and have that spirit implanted in him again, that life is worth living and that he has

a duty before him. Don't you know, dear reader, that it does one good to the depths of his soul. I have been there forty-five days at one time, and had it not been for the tender care that the fair sex extended to help me, doubtless I would have been in my last resting place long ago. So dear reader if you have a loved one sick in the United States Army, you may rest assured that he is receiving the best possible treatment that can be given to man under the same circumstances. Lest I forget, I must now stop and describe a couple of funny, though unimportant events at Camp Meade.

We had only been there one day when, I, with a few other recruits, was ordered to underpin the captain's tent and fix it secure against rigors of winter now approaching, so we all went up to his quarters, and, after finding out what was wanted in detail, I proceeded to give him a calling down and instructed him "That if you want your tent fixed up, do it yourself, we have tents of our own to look after." Well this address gave me a few hours on the wood pile, with a soldier near me with a gun, to see that I cut wood for the cook, and this was my last time to be unruly while I was in the army. On another occasion when we were out having a sham battle, we chanced to run across a ten acre turnip patch, and, as soldiers are always hungry, we did it justice, bringing the old farmer to the door with a shot-gun, to kill 2200 men with a single load and against a lot of Krags. The old man didn't kill us though. Later on, in the same day, I happened to shoot the commanding officer in the neck with a blank cartridge, loaded with paper, but to my joy he never did know who did it. It gave me a chance of staying out of the guard-house on this occasion. I did not intend



CHIEF COOK BROWN WHO DIED IN ACTION



to shoot him, but that was my first experience and I only got excited and could not help it.

The boss was none the worse off by the accident except a few minutes of smarting on the back of his cranium.

While at Camp Meade, Pa., I enjoyed some little spare time in looking over the nearby towns and country, which is in many respects different from Kentucky. The land is hilly and rolling through many sections and is very rich in minerals, the getting out and manufacture of which employs about all the surplus labor. The farmers are still building their houses and barns along the old colonial style, which presents some very beautiful effects. The only agriculture through most of Pennsylvania is the growing of berries and various fruits for the nearby town trade, but in this way the small farmer realizes some very nice profits on his investment of possibly 10 acres of land, one spring wagon, two horses and a few tools. One man in that country makes about as much on this kind of a farm as they do in Kentucky, from five times the investment.

We received orders to go to Manila, via New York, on Nov. 18, 1899, and I am unable to describe much of the country through the East, as our trip was made on the night of Nov. 19th, in a special train of 3 sections. However, we passed through Pittsburg, the "Smoky City" which is true to its nickname, as it is the smokiest city I ever saw and everything and everybody seems to be on the go all night. The same way in Philadelphia, except the city is some quieter at night than Pittsburg. We arrived in New York, at daylight and were taken across Rough River, by a transport to the transport

Logan, which was standing at anchor at pier No. 19, on the Brooklyn side. From the transport we could not get much of the view of the city of New York, but a beautiful view of the river front, the Brooklyn Bridge and the Goddess of Liberty. The Brooklyn Bridge which connects New York and Brooklyn is a very fine piece of architecture, being constructed of wire and is so arranged that all kinds of conveyances can cross at the same time and in different places or different thoroughfares. The carriages, automobiles, bicycles, trains, motor cars, and the pedestrians all have their separate compartments, and in this way most all collisions are averted. We were not permitted to land in the city and consequently I am unable to describe it except from a historical standpoint, which I will not attempt, as this would be departing from the policy of my work.

CHAPTER FIVE.

On November the 20th, at 2 p. m. we were all aboard the U. S. A. T. Logan, and a few minutes later we were towed out of the harbor, and amid thousands of cheers, the sea monster turned on her own steam and departed for the far away Philippines, with many a man that never saw home or mother again. We could see the disappearing guns out on Sandy Hook at target practice, as they would come from their hiding places, fire a shot then disappear as if by magic. I am told that there is a wire around the port of New York, located some distance from the shore, and this wire is lined with torpedoes or very powerful explosive mines that would play havoc with an enemy in case of war. I suppose this accounts for having all vessels stop outside and come in under pilot. The transport Logan is a four mast vessel, has five decks and is built to accomodate 2200 people, that is soldiers, of course, it is not intended for a passenger ship. What are known as decks of a ship are the same as stories in height, that is, if a ship has 5 decks it is 5 stories high, and each deck or story is fitted with tiers of bunks, or cots. one above the other, three deep and in this way the room is utilized to the greatest possible extent. Every inch of room on a ship is used for one thing or another. They carry their own bakery, machine

shop, electric light plant, ice plant, library, reading rooms, and there is a small space allotted to a jail house, known as the brig.

The captain is master of his vessel and his decision while at sea is final on all matters of importance.

The boiler rooms are located on the bottom floor near the center of the vessel and the coal is run to the boiler room through chutes from the sides of the vessel, close to the water line. All ships are possessed of what are known to the seafarer as bunkers, and in case of storm or rough weather these bunkers are closed down over the stairway, keeping all the passengers below, thereby averting a panic while traveling on the ocean. About twenty feet from the upper deck, and sticking to a little box office is the station of what is known as the "Watchman"; this man is always on duty and is relieved by another sailor every four hours. It is his business to keep a sharp lookout ahead of his ship at all times and report all changes in the weather; also anything that might be calculated to interfere with the safe progress of his ship. This man is not protected from the weather, but must face the elements and keep his eyes open for danger.

Things went well until about 2 o'clock the next morning, after our first day out. The voyage seemed to us that it was going to be ideal at first, but when our first breakfast at sea was ready, only twelve men out of one hundred and six were able to eat on account of sea sickness. This sea sickness is hard to describe, but you have no appetite, your stomach gets weak and you will ache as if you had a chill,

you feel like you had no friends and didn't want any. This sea sickness will vary from two days to ten days and occasionally it stays with some persons for the entire voyage. The second day out our number of diners had increased from twelve to twenty, and a few more began to get on the convalescent list.

On the third day at sea, and after the majority of the men had gotten over their sea sickness, the ocean began to heave, clouds began to gather and the elements put on an electrical robe. The wind gathered and the waves began to roll mountain high. The Logan trembled fore and aft, but it was not one of those destructive storms to a seafaring craft, but it served to give the boys all a relapse of sea sickness and to remind them that all was not such smooth sailing to the seafaring man.

After this little storm there was nothing unusual that happened for a few days and the boys got over their sea sickness again, and seemed to get acquainted with sailors' ways and sea life, which we had all begun to fancy as the water had grown smooth and the sailing was as beautiful, as noted in Milton's Paradise lost.

On November the 30th, the sun arose brightly on our Thanksgiving morn and we could see or seemd to see our mothers preparing the turkey for the noon day feast back in God's country, our fathers and kindred coming to dinner from the old church, the yearlings fat in their pen the bins overrunning with the bontiful harvest that had been given them by the great Omnipotence. Indeed, all was joy in the land, but only contrast this picture

against one of the 2200 boys in blue aboard a great ship in the middle of the great Atlantic ocean with her prow pointed toward a hostile land, taking into an enemy's land 2200 mothers' boys to fight for their own country and if necessary lay down their lives to moulder back into dust for the freedom that the great Creator had given our glorious land. Dear Reader, you may read these few lines and think it only a jest and let it pass unrecorded, but it is no little thing to forsake home, father and mother, brothers and sisters and all that is dear to life and true to nature on such an errand as life against liberty, but we did it and I am proud of it. There was also one person who did not forget our down-heartedness on that beautiful morning in the person of Miss Helen Gould, of New York City, who had prepared and stored away for us a feast of turkey and cranberries at her own personal expense. You can imagine the surprise as we were lined up in the usual way for rice and bacon, when the cook issued us out this memorable dinner with a notice of who had donated it, then take into consideration the conditions and surroundings. Wouldn't you say "God bless Miss Gould a thousand times?"

On December the first and the eleventh day from New York, we sighted the southwestern coast of Portugal, where good old Columbus left the world behind him in 1492, but the land being fifteen miles from us, I am unable to give the reader an accurate description of the country, as it could not be viewed successfully at such a great distance. At 10 o'clock A. M. on December 22d, we entered the port of Gibraltar and dropped anchor just in front of the fortifications and not many feet from the water's edge, where we remained until 4 p. m. of the same

day. This fort belongs to England, and is said to be the strongest fortified point in the world. It is mined out of solid rock and the guns point to the outside world from inside this rock mine. The hill is about one thousand feet high and on the top nestles the largest gun in the world and has the longest range. I believe that any of our modern war-ships which I will describe later, could shoot that big gun into the ocean and tear down their mountain of rock in a short time by using their compounded nitro-glycerine and gun cotton. I would like to help try the experiment if necessary, to demolish the thing. The city of Gibraltar lies on a low plain fronting the waters, and is not very large. There are many English soldiers stationed there and our boys did not like them very well, so we were not allowed ashore for fear a little trouble to see who should have the belt sure enough. At 4 P. M. the Logan raised her anchor and turned into the Mediterranean sea.

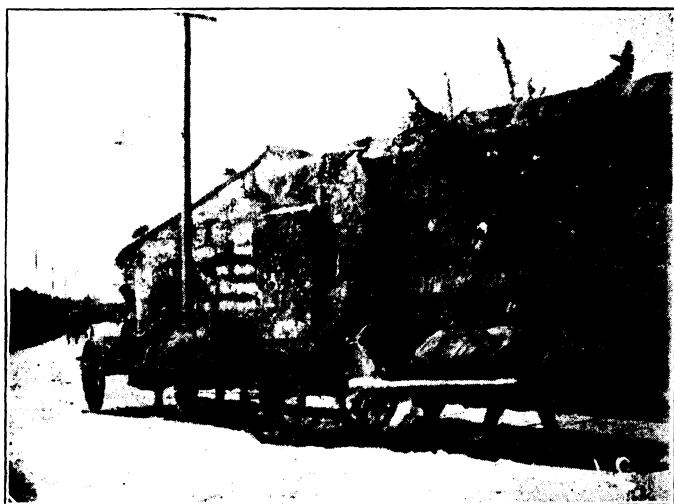
After we left Gibraltar, there was nothing occurring of interest, until we reached Malta, except that we could plainly see the shores of the Barbary states of Africa, so much talked of in our school histories. The coast was very rough and rugged, but the distance was a barrier to us in getting a description of its people and their habits.

The island of Malta is a very small affair and is of little importance except as coaling station. It is an English possession and consequently we were able to look upon some more English soldiers and war ships and were not allowed to land on account of our rudeness at their former port.

Near the water front there stands a quaint little

city named after the island. The women go heavily veiled when out doors, and I am told, that a groom never sees his bride's face until after they are married. Here is where the famous Maltese cat is obtained. After passing out of the port and not very far from the city is chiseled a statue of "John the Baptist" from solid rock. He is holding the reins of his favorite horse. This statue is said to have remained there, as it is now, for several hundred years. The inhabitants are mostly Arabs and Italians. They fish for a living, and barter trinkets to the great throng of tourists that annually pass their port and if they ever work any, I never saw them do the act. At this port we had a few men that tried to desert the Army but the British consul took them in and upon recommendation of the American consul, placed them in the military prison, and we never saw them again.

At 1 P. M. December 10th, 1899, we reached Port Said at the entrance of the Suez Canal. As we steamed into the canal we could see to our right a stone wall 12 feet high and 15 feet thick and extending over one mile into the ocean. On this wall can be seen the statue of M. DeLesseps, the great Frenchman, who planned the construction of this canal, the greatest in the world. There is a sign, intended for an advertisement that can be seen for a mile before you enter the canal, that reads like this: "Use Pears Soap." Who would have ever dreamed that this unique sign would be seen in far off Egypt? It did me good to see anything that had anything American attached to it. The little city that hovers on the bank of the canal is very beautiful, and is about the only town that I saw in the



BULL CART AND DRIVER, ALONG THE WALLS OF MANILA.

Orient that had much American taste about it. There are lots of business and dwelling houses built entirely on the American plan, which did us good to look at them. From our point of observation, I should say that the town has a population of about 3,000 people, and of course, it is peopled mostly of Egyptians. The scenery is beautiful to the southwest as far as the eye can see.

The landscape presents a beautiful appearance and what makes it more interesting, is that we are near to where Joseph was sold as a slave by his brethren. There are lots of Turks in Suez City, which looked real funny donned in their red caps and bloomers, which make them look like "Ned in the first reader." The Suez canal is a wonder to those who never saw it. We entered the canal at a very slow speed, which was kept up the entire length. It is on an average of 85 feet wide and thirty-five feet deep and is on a sea level. There are no locks and dams to worry and lose time with. The water is as smooth as a mill pond. You just ought to see those Turks, Egyptians and Arabs on either bank swimming in the canal to pick up the refuse that is thrown from the ships. They eat it in hands full and as greedily as a hog. The natives are of a dark brown color and small in stature. They wear a breach cloth and are void of any other kind of clothing. I do not understand why it is that they are no better civilized, while they have such a pretty city so near. I suppose that it is foreign capital and brains that do this civilized work. This country looks like a tough place for Adam to have lived in, and then call it a paradise

on earth. Don't look like one to me, though Adam lived not afar off.

There is, on the Egyptian side of the canal, a railroad which I do not think is as good as the first one we had running out of Baltimore a long time ago. The equipment is small and the wheels are as high as your head. I do not know where this road goes to from Port Said, but it runs along the bank of the canal for quite a distance, then turns inland quite abruptly, going, possibly, to Cairo, Egypt. After you leave Port Said, and get out into the interior, you find that the people are a "Dukes Mixture" of Arabs, Turks, Egyptians, etc. Don't know much and don't seem to want to know any more about the world. We saw their camels loaded like you have seen pictures in the bible, ready to start across the country on a trading tour. These camels can go a long time without food or water, and, it being a desert country, they are best suited for the people and climate than any other animal. They are trained to kneel when the rider wants to mount or dismount. If they didn't do this it would be necessary to climb a tree to get on one of the things.

After getting into the Far East, the first thing of importance to which our attention was called, was the river Nile and the land of Egypt. The river Nile, as it flows north, forms its delta of many small streams, through which runs part of the Suez canal. One can tell but very little about the river Nile, owing to the formation of its delta, and we didn't have a trip inland, consequently I am unable to describe the historical river, and as we passed through the Suez canal and the Red sea, it brings back to my memory the ancient stories of the Bible

reading. It recalls to my mind where we read of Joseph, whom Pharaoh placed as a ruler over Egypt during the time of the seven years' famine. It reminds us of Joseph's seven brethren, coming from their father's land, down into the Egyptian land, to buy corn. I shall not attempt to explain these Bible readings or the history of Egypt, but would recommend the reader to the Bible for a clear view of the river Nile and the land of Egypt. As we passed through the Suez canal and the Red sea, nothing can be seen on either side, except an occasional oasis. There is nothing but sand every way you look, in every direction for possibly a thousand miles.

It is impossible for anything to grow in this plain. The natives who frequent this part of the world have been so accustomed to making journeys; travel and live in this sandy region, until their color almost resembles that of the **sand field**.

Peculiar sand storms often occur in this country. When once a sand storm starts, there is no telling where or when it will stop, as there is absolutely no vegetation to block the progress of the sand. The sand is very fine and light, so that the slightest breeze is sufficient to wipe out all traces of any trail that might have been made through the sand.

When the natives are caught in these sand storms their camels are at once stopped and made to lie down, and the natives get behind them to protect their eye-sight from these fine particles of sand. We had no chance to visit the inland towns or any part of the country, hence, I shall not

attempt to describe the country, any further than can be seen from on board the ship in the canal, but will leave this to students of history and will recommend that you read "Stanley in Africa."

CHAPTER, SIX.

We now pass only a hundred miles from Jerusalem, and such a pity, that we can not get to visit it and the sacred river Jordan, but we are not on a sight-seeing mission. We are on our way to fight for loved ones at home, who are not thinking of us poor boys in blue in the Suez canal, eating rice and sleeping on cots, while our friends are enjoying all the luxuries of life. As we pass out of the Suez canal, I can see sand as far as the eye can discern, sand, sand and nothing but sand. At the outlet of the Suez canal or the Eastern entrance is located the city of Suez. This city is not built according to modern civilization, but bears some trace of very ancient architecture and is not worth describing. The people are about the same as along the shores of the canal, that is, a mixture of all the races, mentioned before in those pages. The Red sea at the entrance is very narrow, and gradually widens out until at the Strait of Babelmandeo, it is estimated to be two hundred miles wide.

We had pointed out to us, the supposed place where Moses crossed, and if our Chaplain was correct, Old Moses had a bad place to cross and worse

place to stay after he got across. He came down to the water between two high hills and over a bank at least one hundred feet high and crossed where the sea was at least five miles wide, into a country where there is not now a sign of vegetation of any description. There is plenty of hot, red sand, and nothing else. I know whereof I speak, for I saw the place with my own eyes, but I cannot vouch for this spot being the correct place. It surely was necessary for the hand of God to enter into the life of Moses and his followers after they were across the sea, for an ant could not live in that hot sand more than a few minutes at the best.

A little further along we were directed to the Mount Sinai, where God appeared to Moses and delivered the famous Laws that are still on the moral statues. This mountain is located fifteen miles from the Red Sea, being separated from it by a low plain fifteen miles wide. It stands in between two larger mountains and is void of vegetation, which is peculiar to that country. Dear reader, if you could only see these things that I am trying to describe to you, you would appreciate them more, and I would at that time have noted them a little more closely if it had occurred to me that I would want to tell any one else of them.

The scenery through this sacred part of the world is beautiful in many respects. It brings back the recollections when mother and father used to take me to church and I would listen to the teachings of the Bible on these subjects. They must be viewed with your own eyes to be appreciated like they should.

On our exit from the Red Sea is a town called

Aden, and not very large and hardly worth describing. The people are a mixture of nearly every race on earth and have very little skill in the arts of modern men. From this place we turn our ship into the great Indian ocean for two weeks' sailing before we reach our final destination.

I will now leave the Bible subject to the Bible student, but will say that historically, I have not described the sacred country or its people and possibly I have not done it in the fashion to meet with the Bible or historical reader, but I have described the places of interest as they appeared to me, like I saw them when I was awake and in my right mind.

I desire to tell you that if you listen to history alone that you will read many things of the world that are not true, for I have read the history and then later I have made a cruise of the world.

In all my travels, I have found the Bible the most accurate history, while in many points it is not definite enough to be comprehended, especially by the careless reader and many others unless they have the standard works of Bible historians at hand, while making these points a study.

And I now assure you that the above is the way that this country appeared to me as I went through it.

At this time we learned a novel way to wash clothing in the ocean. It is done by tying the clothes that you want washed to a rope and then hang them out at a port hole and allow them to drag in the water until they are clean. This is an easy method and is very satisfactory, as there is no work attached to it.

Well, Christmas day dawned again, and this

time found us in the Indian Ocean, and a little more isolated from the world than when the sun arose on our Thanksgiving morning, and too, nothing to make our hearts glad except the roar of the sea, and the endless expanse of the water, and the short rations or rice and other stuff too good to eat. But lest I forget I must tell you about a mixture that our cook invented just as we passed out of the Red Sea—it was a mixture of almost all the stuff that Uncle Sam furnishes a soldier to eat. This is then boiled up and issued out as our diet, together with a little bread and coffee. The boys named this mixture “Red Sea Bouillon” by which name it was known through the entire term of our service.

We all lined up for our Xmas dinner as usual, but thanks to Miss Gould, she had not forgotten us this time, and instead of the “Red Sea Bouillon,” we were treated to a feast of turkey and cranberries that had been placed aboard the ship at New York at Miss Gould’s expense for our entire enjoyment.

We passed the island of Ceylon on Christmas day, and intended to stop at Columbo for coal, but it was finally decided that our coal supply would hold out until we reached Singapore, so we did not get to see the famous “tea country.”

Nothing more of interest happened until we reached Singapore on our 39th day, after we raised anchor in New York Harbor.

The weather is hot through this part of the country, the temperature registered 106 in the shade on the 29th of December, 1899. We could see a few small islands on our right which had no signs of

vegetation or life of any kind. The Malay Peninsula on our right and nestled among the low foothills close to the shore is the quaint little city of Singapore, India, of which I must tell you.

At this place one of our ship's firemen, who was confined in the brig, tried to escape by jumping into the water, but he was promptly rescued and returned to his former place of business (in jail.) The Malays are a funny sort of people, being mixed with Chinese until you can hardly tell them apart. They would come out to our ship in their small row boats and dive to the bottom of the bay for pennies that our men would throw overboard, and they rarely, if ever, failed to find them and bring them up with them.

Singapore has some very pretty buildings, which look nice at a distance, but when you get into the city you will find that they are very narrow, and there are absolutely no sanitary laws in force. This is no desirable place for the tourist. The natives are mixed with every nationality on earth, of the lower classes, and go around the streets in a half nude condition, which is enough to shock the modesty of any self-respecting person.

The manners and customs of some of these people are not decent enough to go in print, and I will leave this with the reader to draw his or her own inference from what I have said on the subject.

They have a small cart which is drawn by a native and is called a rickasha. For the price of two cents you may be hauled around over the city for an hour or two, in one of these carts. And' having held over you a Japanese umbrella, made of paper.



CAPTURED AT LAST. THE AUTHOR TO THE LEFT.

Our boys, being accustomed to driving horses, were not satisfied without they used the lash, and so they did, and it was not long until the American soldiers could not hire a carriage.

I must describe to the reader the manner of coaling a ship in India. The ship is drawn up alongside of the docks, and about two hundred natives are engaged to do the work, carrying the coal in baskets, holding a bushel each. These baskets are hung, one on each end of a pole, and the native carries this pole across his shoulder. They trot up the gang plank and dump it into the ship's bunkers, and at the end of every other trip, receive a penny from the paymaster, native, who has been engaged by the government to see to the job. The coaling of a ship in this way does not take very long, as the natives are always in a trot and never stop, day or night, until the work is done; eat their rice as they work, and with their faces and hands covered with coal dust and dirt. These people look as though they never wash.

At 5:50 P. M. on the last day of December, 1899, the great sea monster, Logan, raised her anchor and turned on her own steam for the last lap of our great semi-circle of the globe, and we could not help feeling joyful as we gradually left that tropical, barbarous, heathenish country behind, never to be seen again. This is where our churches need their missionaries more than in any country that I visited while on my cruise around the world. God may, or may not, condemn a heathen, but it does look like that if there is mercy shown to any one, that the natives of India are entitled to some of it.

Let us send our missionaries to them, as we can spare them. But we must not forget our own native land. I refer you to my chapter on Chinatown, which will be found a few pages further over. Read it carefully.

CHAPTER SEVEN.

The voyage across China sea was very rough, but we did not have an accident to our machinery of any kind and made the voyage to Manila without incident. China sea is said to be the roughest part of the world, but taking weather into consideration, the Atlantic Ocean was the worst sea roaming country of our whole trip to Manila.

We passed Corrigador Island on January 4th, and entered the strait which almost closes around Manila Bay. At this point the U. S. Government has a hospital for crippled and disabled soldiers, also some very fine fortifications. This point or neck which is the gateway to Manila is closely guarded by our government, who sees that no one enters without authority. So the reader may understand that to capture Manila, the fleet must get through this channel, which would be a pretty hard job and too, there would be danger of some of those torpedoes sinking the enemy's vessels long before they got within shooting distance of Manila city. Well, as I said, one must have authority to get into Manila Bay, we had just gotten permission to get inside and had steamed through when we struck another

knotty problem.

In an instant there were a dozen search lights thrown on us with as many big guns and commanded to stop. (We did.)

We stayed around there in the bay until all became satisfied that we should be allowed to land.

All this happened in the night and as no one could land in the city in the night time, we were ordered to be ready to land at sunrise the next morning, January the sixth.

We were ready to land at the proper time and as the big tug Isabella came up to get us, there was a sigh of relief. We had been on board the ship from November 21st, to January the sixth. Hence, we had gotten tired of sea life and desired a little fresh air which we got and which I will tell you about a little later. We were taken ashore and marched to Malate barracks, a distance of two miles, where we were given quarters and allowed to rest under the spreading leaves of the great banana trees. This march of only two miles was the hardest that I remember during the service. We had been housed up on a ship for so long and then come from a cold country too.

After one gets used to a ship's motion, it is hard to walk on the ground for awhile, until you learn to walk again. The sun's rays on this march caused the mercury to register 110 in the sun. Just think of it. The dust six inches deep, and had not done anything for so long and then getting out in the rays of a tropical sun and "hike" for two miles is something that could not be done unless you were a soldier.

Now I will stop and tell the reader something

of the city of Manila and what Dewey did.

Dewey did his work long before my regiment got to Manila, but traces of it were still there and could be plainly seen; also I think that I know more of the capture of Manila than the newspaper man who never saw the place and wouldn't know where he was if he was to be put off right in the city.

Manila bay is not a very large body of water, and when once inside, the navy that has the goods, can run the other fellow out of business too quick to tell about it. There was not much of a job on hand to destroy the 11 Spanish war vessels, for they don't look much better than some good steam boats that I have seen. The destruction and capture of the guns on the old wall around the city, is where Dewey should get the praise for clever work. This wall is twenty to thirty feet high and about the same thickness and there is or was lots of guns mounted on this old wall and well protected from the enemy.

The Spanish fleet of eleven vessels were all nestled in the harbor on one fine morning in May, when Admiral Dewey entered with our navy, right in the face of these guns on the wall and also the war ships of Spain. While these ships were not so good as ours, they had some guns that could do all kinds of mischief. All this had to be guarded against. There was a shell thrown into the city as a demand for surrender, before the Spaniards knew what was going on. Of course they didn't surrender, but began to turn loose those big guns in every direction which did but little damage to our ships. It seems as if the Spaniards could not shoot straight, for they did enough shooting to capture the world.

Admiral Dewey's men did not fire so many shots, but they were to the point.

There was only a space of possibly an hour and a half from the time the first shot was fired, until the entire eleven of Spain's battle ships were on the bottom of the bay, the old guns on the wall were dismantled and the city captured.

I have names of the sunken vessels, but as they are all in Spanish, I shall omit them at present and discuss them later.

These eleven vessels, unless they have been moved, are plainly visible, resting on the bottom of Manila Bay, with their masts protruding from the water. There are great blocks of the old wall around Manila, which were torn out by a single shot from the guns of our ships. There is one of these cuts, or block-out, near the water front, which is within five feet of an old monster gun. The man that fired this shot was evidently shooting at this gun, as he tore a hole in the rock wall about twenty feet wide and entirely through the wall, the fissure reaching within five feet of the big gun. This old gun is still standing at the same place and is quite a curiosity. I am told by an eye witness to this battle that the Spanish sent out a little torpedo boat to dynamite our flagship, the Brooklyn, and she was spied before going very far and one of our guns sent a sixty pound bullet in at one end, which traversed the entire length of the little vessel, dismantled all the machinery, and sunk her within two minutes with every man on board.

The city of Manila had in 1900, a population of about 300,000 including what is known as new Manila, which is a new town built outside the old

walled city and adjacent to the old city, forming a part of it.

The streets are very narrow, being only wide enough in places for two wagons and the street car to pass. The buildings are mostly of stone and of Roman architecture. There are few wooden buildings in the city. Those that are there, not constructed of stone, are made of bamboo. This bamboo is a hollow cane like a pipe stem, except that it grows to a diameter of about twelve inches and is thirty or forty feet high. With these poles, which are very strong and elastic, bridges, fences, carts, houses, and in fact, they are used to build almost everything in the interior, where there is not much civilization.

The walls of these bamboo houses as well as the roof, are made of a grass, called nippa. The nippa is woven into sheets by hand, and tied together with elastic bamboo bark or the skin from the bamboo pole. There is no such a thing as nails used in the construction of these huts. Neither are they needed as they would split the bamboo poles and would be of no service as fasteners.

These houses in the interior are constructed by the native carpenters and are placed on a foundation about four or five feet from the ground and are reached by a ladder. There is no furniture except an old Japanese mat or two that are used for covering in the rainy season. The people all sleep on the floor of their huts. Their cooking is done in earthen pots outside on the ground, and when it is raining they cook under the house. Some of the better or wealthy class of natives have furniture, imported from foreign countries, but in no case is it more than

a bedstead, containing a solid floor, and a table, a few chairs, and, possibly, a rocker. I never saw a good old feather bed while in the inslands.

How would you enjoy life in a house four feet off the ground and devoid of all furniture of every description, except two or three pots and a tin pan or two? This does not look reasonable, but it is the way thousands of natives live in these islands, and they do not want, or would not have, anything else. It seems to suit them exactly. In the city of Manila, there are a few American hotels and some few American families, who live as we do in this country, but I never had the pleasure of visiting one of their homes.

The full blooded Filippino is of a dark brown hue in color, has straight, black hair, resembling our Indians; high cheek bones; small in stature; thick lips and a round knot of a head. He seems to be a cross between a Malay and a Monkey-wrench.

Their clothing is almost reduced to a 00 or zero. The men wear white suits of a very thin texture, made something like the Chinese clothing. A large straw hat, about two feet in diameter, completes his costume. The women wear a skirt, made of the same goods as that of the men, and a waist of the same stuff, but the waist lacks from one to three inches coming to the top of the skirt. The neck is cut very low, and the sleeves are as large as a good sized sack, the kind we get bran in. She wears the same head gear as the men, that is when she wears any at all. They generally go bare-headed. They wear a block of wood with a leather strap across the toe for a shoe. This block is about three or four

inches high, and has the same shaped heel as our shoes. It makes an ideal weapon to fight with, as it is easily gotten off the foot. I have seen the native women fight with their shoes on many occasions.

Some of the lower classes have no home or hut of any kind, but live in the open air, depending on Providence for food and shelter. They only exist by eating the wild roots and fruits that can be gathered in its own season, and by fishing a little. The chief articles of food of the native Filipino consists of rice, dried fish, native fruits and a few vegetables, peculiar to that climate. They have their medicine men on the same principle as the American Indians, except that the dancing is dispensed with. This "Medico" hardly ever has a patient to get well, if he is very sick.

The natives are a very religious sort of people, in their own way, and if they sincerely believe in it, which I think they do, I suppose that it is as good as any, although I do not want any of their kind, as I do not think it would get me quite through purgatory, and I do not want to be left on the incline for the lack of a little more money to pay the priest. I must tell you about their religion, some of

There is an altar in the head end of the church, which is occupied by a Friar priest and a dozen or so attendants who change his regalia as the rules require.

This priest or Padre, as he is called, will start his services by having the choir sing a song of some kind that is not understood by the American and with no musical attachment, after this, the priest will go through some kind of a ceremony which cannot be understood .



KILLED ON THE FIRING LINE.

This is about all I could see to their service, except that they have the confession box which is used about the same as Catholics in this country. They also had many nunneries, until the soldiers ran the nuns away and used their convents for quarters for the troops. There is also a tank of holy water that will hold about sixty gallons, which is used in purifying the bad ones, and for many other purposes. I will tell you what the soldiers used it for a little later.

There is also a little bowl of this holy water just inside the church, which the natives moisten their fore finger with, on entering, and make their cross in the usual way. The men will go to church carrying their favorite rooster and pin him to the ground outside the church, until services is over, when he will go to the chicken fight for the afternoon. Cock fighting is a favorite sport among the natives and I shall describe it later.

CHAPTER EIGHT.

A Filipino marriage is quite interesting and amusing, to one who never saw Ringling Bros. circus. This ceremony is very impressive to the native. When a young "Hombre" decides that he must own a certain young "Senorita" of his vicinity, he will go ask her parents about her hand without consulting the girl. He usually has to pay the price to the old man for the girl, and if he does that there is a match made quick. The girl is then informed of the trade and the arrangements made for a wedding.

When the time comes for the ceremony, the bride accompanied by her parents and friends, get into a cart drawn by an ox, and go to the church. The groom gets there in the same way, but from a different direction. They meet at the church door and pass a few congratulations before entering for the ceremony.

They enter the church by the back door and meet the priest, who conducts them to the altar, in front of the large crowd that has assembled. Here the priest and his attendants begin with their ceremony, which lasts for an hour, and cannot be understood. After this is over, the native brass band will play a selection or two, a long black veil is thrown over the couple, who are kneeling, the priest gives them each a cracker, sprinkles them with a little

holy water which ends it all. They are now husband and wife and go home the way they came, each to their respective homes. Later the bride and groom meet at the home of the bride, where they have feasting and dancing for a week, all get drunk on the native "Beno," tear up the place and the next Sabbath they go and have the priest fix up their business with the Creator.

If the reader will only pause to reflect a minute on the manners and customs of this heathenish people, he would wonder why we did not send an army of missionaries to them instead of a great army and navy to exterminate them, if necessary, or conquer. If our army had wiped that nation out of existence, which they would have done or conquered them, I believe that God would have made us morally responsible for destroying a nation of ignorance. As I do not want to get into scriptural arguments, I will stop and describe a burial ceremony in the far east.

The churches of the Philippines are constructed of stone and concrete of very old architecture, and in fact, the buildings themselves seem to have seen hundreds of years of service. These churches are large and have no seats, but upon entering, the congregation must kneel and remain so until service is over, which is not usually a very great while. their customs and their churches.

A Burial.

The corpse, if he or she be poor, is wrapped in a piece of Japanese matting, tied to a long pole, the ends of which are extended over a man's shoulder, one at each end of the pole. In this manner it is

carried to the church and laid outside in the dust and dirt to await the coming of the priest or "Padre." The priest soon arrives and unlocks the church door, when the burden-bearers pick up the corpse and follow him to a point near the altar, where it is again deposited on the floor. The priest will have his brass band play a few pieces, which is followed by the same old conglomeration of words in a foreign language. He then gets the holy water and sprinkles some on the covering of the corpse to drive the Devil away and purify the body for the great beyond. After this representation, intended to reach the conscience and touch the heart of the ignorant, the body is raised to the original position, on the shoulders of the pallbearers, and they march to the grave. When the cemetery is reached they lower the body into the grave and cover it up without form or ceremony, and that is the last of it until the resurrection. The graves are dug six or eight feet deep and irregular in every direction. I saw the grave diggers, upon one occasion break through into another grave, and when the skeleton came in their way, they broke it up and cast it out upon the ground out of their way.

If the person who dies is wealthy he is buried in a wooden box coffin, which is much inferior to our pauper coffins. The same service at the church is gone through with, and the corpse carried to the grave by natives. If the corpse is small it is carried on the head of one man.

The priest never goes to the cemetery with a corpse unless he is paid for it extra, the price of about ten dollars is necessary to get the soul through

purgatory. The natives live their religion while in the church and when once on the outside they forget it or do not seem to think that religion is necessary in any place except in the church. Now, I shall go back to our travels. We remained at Malte or the Nippa barracks only seven days, doing nothing but garrison duty and all the leisure time we had was passed in looking over the city of Manila.

We left Nippa barracks on January 13th and marched to "Block House Seven," where we did out-post duty, and scouting also, as guard for the Santa Mesa Hospital, which is the property of Uncle Sam. This hospital is equipped with everything known to science for the treatment and care of the soldier. While stationed at this place I had the experience of forty-five days in this hospital, where I was confined with fever peculiar to the tropical climate and from which I have not fully recovered, although the space of nine years has elapsed. Nothing of interest passed while at this block house. On the twelfth day of our stay at this point my company received orders to go to San Fernando, a post about forty miles north of Manila. I was in the hospital at this time and did not go with the command. I left the hospital on March the eighth, and joined my company in San Fernando the evening of the same day. We remained at this place about two months and then received orders to go north fifteen miles on the Manila & Dagupan Railroad; thence ten miles south into the interior. The trip was made and we landed in a God-forsaken place of a few people called San-Pedro-De-Magalang. at the foot of Mt. Aryat.

This little city is about sixty miles north of Manila and is in the heart of the enemy's country.

Situated near this town, are the first rice fields and sugar plantations I ever saw. To grow rice, the soil is plowed up with a one handled plow with a bit of steel on the point which is hammered out by hand, and the plow is drawn by one ox. This takes a long time. Then the rice dykes are constructed; they are formed by throwing up a ridge around about one or two acres to an altitude of about three feet. This process is continued until hundreds of acres are dyked. The rice is then sown as soon as the mud and water gets a few inches deep over the ground. The mud and water naturally dries up as the dry season approaches and the rice ripens. This leaves the field of ripened rice very dry and hard. The natives cut the rice with a reap hook, holding the stems of the rice in one hand and cutting with the other. This does not take so long, owing to the fact that each large land owner employs many employes at a small expense. After cutting is over, it is sent to the farm house, where it is stacked, much in the same manner in which we stack wheat. The threshing is then ready. A long pole is driven in the ground and the rice put on the ground in layers and tramped out by ponies, which walk around this pole. It is then sifted with a large hand sieve and then sacked for the market. This whole process usually takes nearly a month, from the time the rice is cut until it is in the sack ready to be placed on the market.

At San-Pedro-De-Magalang, our quarters were in a two story convent or nunnery, formerly used

by the Friars. We were within twenty feet of a church which was used in connection with this convent and from this church I witnessed all the scenes about which I have told you.

Nothing much of interest happened at San-Pedro-De-Magalang, until the twenty-fourth of August, then there came a sacred celebration of St. Bartholomew's day by the natives of the little mountain town. Long before day they started their music and processions all over town, being assisted by all the natives around the town and the near by villages. They had been preparing for this grand feast for several days, and when the time came for the celebration, they were ready. After marching around town for awhile, and playing their national airs they repaired to the church and there went through a solemn service for an hour or two, in memory of their departed saint, after which they all went to the homes of their friends, where the fattened calf had been killed, and the feast was consumed with considerable appetite. The American soldiers were invited and those who could, responded to the invitation and attended this grand ball, as they called it, and must say that I did, to some extent, enjoy myself among them as their mode of celebrating an event of this kind is quite unique.

Nothing more of interest happened until September the second, when we lost, by death from fever, Corporal C. Hopkins, a native of Crawford, Georgia. This was the first man to drop from our ranks, the first one whose soul was called on the return to his Maker. In this loss we missed a noble soldier, a noble man and a Christian gentleman. We

lowered our flag at half mast in honor of our dead and our first loss of a brave and noble comrade.

On about September the first we received some targets from our government headquarters at Washington, which we set up and began a series of target practice. The targets are made of paper and are life size. First you shoot at the picture of a man lying down at three hundred yards, next comes a man standing at five hundred yards, then last the picture of a man on a horse at one thousand yards. This is great fun and a little exciting to see who is the best shot. William Warren proved to make the best score in my command by making ten straight hits all the way around at each target. We always had this target practice at an old experiment station erected by the Spanish for agricultural advancement, about one mile from our station. This place was equipped with several good buildings and made an ideal place for this kind of amusement, but later, as you will find out, we got all the target practice we wanted and some to spare.

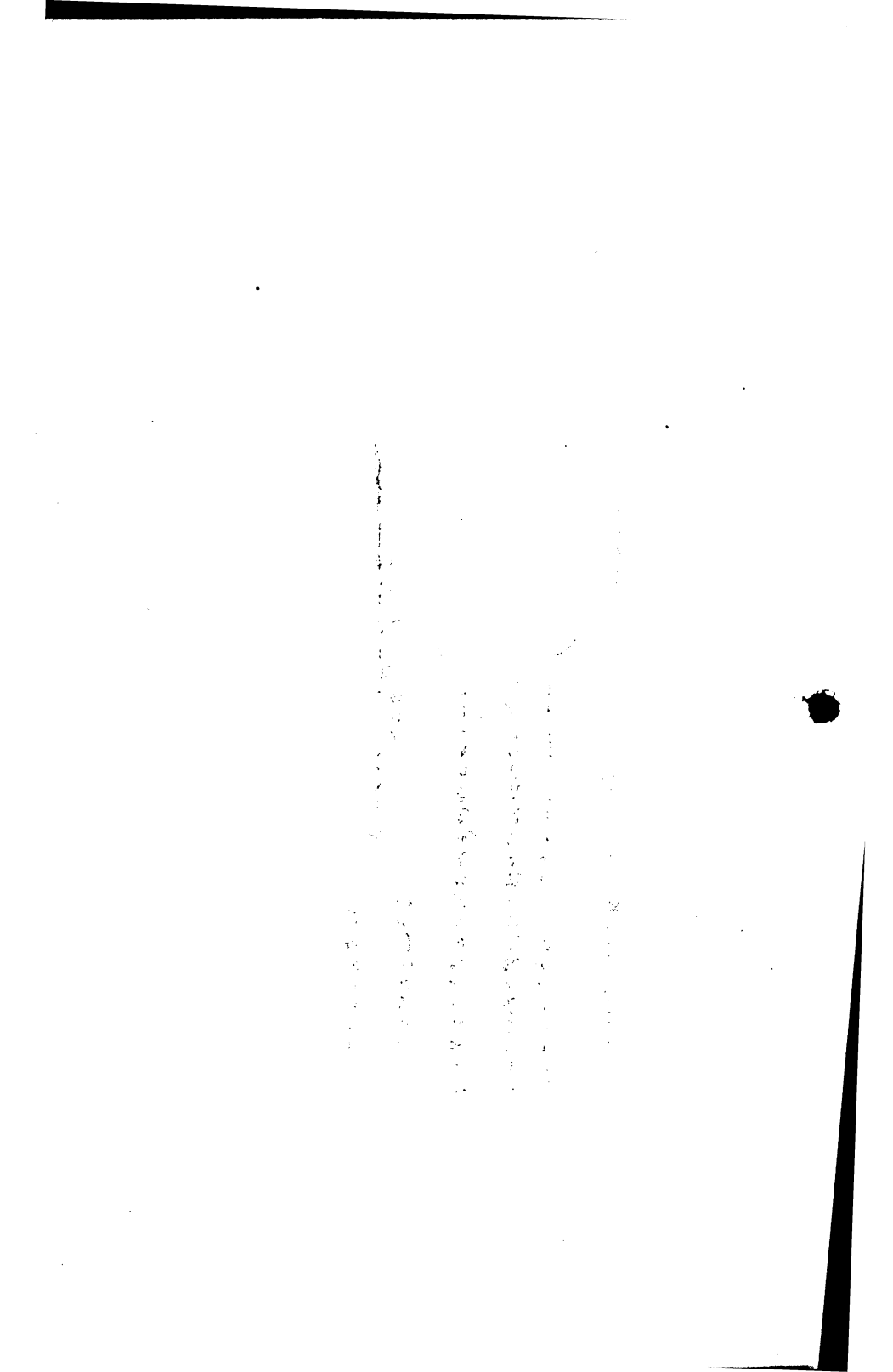
On September the twenty-third, 1900, we were given a chance to do some actual duty; on the firing line, so about 1.30 a. m. the commanding officer of my company picked forty of his most trusted men and started on a nine mile march, where we were to join companies E and F of the Forty-first Infantry. We arrived in due time and met the other two detachments at the appointed place. The plans of battle were formed by the officers and gone over in detail with the men, in which we were to surround a town and capture, kill or burn the whole outfit of 500 insurgents.

二月廿四日
 小坡山
 申

彭公廟

[illegible]

A CHINESE LOVE SONG.
WRITTEN BY SAM YEN., MANILA.



The plans were well laid and the line formed and the march commenced to close in on the town. Well to our great satisfaction the insurgent forces surrendered at the command without firing a shot. This was entirely satisfactory to us, who had not had much experience in seeing men shot at and their blood running, but some of the older and more experienced men were not satisfied. They really wanted to have a hot time of it and see a few killed and wounded.

Our next little hard march for nothing was about one month after the first one, when the commanding officer came running into our quarters, out of breath, exclaiming that we were about to be attacked by a large body of insurgents. This, of course, got on every man's nerve, and within a few minutes we were ready for business. Some of us were started in the direction of the supposed enemy, and some were kept on guard at the quarters. We walked through the mud and water for four or five miles before we decided that there was nothing doing. We then lay down, leaving men on guard, to try to get some sleep before returning to our quarters. We did sleep some, regardless of the sand and water that filled our shoes and trousers. We returned home the next day, feeling little the worse for our trip, we did nothing more for a month or so except an occasional chase through the jungle swamps in search of something that we did not find until the night of November the seventh, when we had considerable of the real thing, that which makes a man wish he was at home or behind some big rocks or in a cave or a coal mine. I will describe that night

for the benefit of my readers, and I want them to understand me to say that this was the most horrible night in my whole life and one that I would not go through again for a dozen worlds and all the gold obtainable.

They tell you a man soon gets accustomed to the firing line; that all is over in a few minutes; that he don't mind it after the first few volleys, and many things I have heard said of the firing line that are not true. I don't believe that a man who has had some good hot experience will tell such things or try to make you believe that he was not skittish. If he does he is not telling the truth or has "water on his brain."

CHAPTER NINE.

THE BATTLE.

Thursday, November the seventh, 1900, was a beautiful day, the golden rays of the setting sun as it sank behind Mt. Aryat, gave the valley around our little hamlet a beautiful halo, while the songs of many merry soldiers were echoed back to the village by the great rocks of Mt. Aryat, whence our enemy was waiting in secret until night fall, but we knew it not. The natives had been so peaceable that we little dreamed of an attack. The night hovered over us with a clear sky, and the moon shone in all its beauty and at 9:15 p. m. the bugle broke the stillness of the night air by calling all the soldiers to quarters and fifteen minutes later the call was sounded for all to go to sleep, leaving ourselves under the care of only four sentries on duty at the four corners of our barracks. All was well until about twenty minutes past twelve when the stillness of the night air was rent by an immense volley of shots into our quarters. We seemed to be entirely surrounded, as there came bullets through our building from all sides, volley after volley was fired by the enemy in the trenches at our frail barracks. The sentries returned the fire with but little effect. We were all on the firing line in the time that it takes to tell it and returning the fire. We had on no clothing except

our underclothes and were forced to lie in a firing line on the ground in this position, but I do not think that any one objected to getting his clothes dirty by having to lie on the ground, as it was welcome to me that night.

There is a small tree in front of our quarters which every man, I think, tried to get behind. I, for one, was in luck, and I thought so much of that tree that I had the photograph of it made and brought it home with me and have it yet. I do not know until this day how many shots I fired or which way I fired them. But I do know that I got my hands so warm with a hot gun barrel that they were browned nicely from rapid shooting my gun.

The firing kept up all night with regular firing, one volley after another on all sides of us, but at near daybreak they seemed to all get back to our front preparing for flight at day light. Just before daylight we were ordered to make a charge over their trenches and then "Gee Whiz" how I was scared. No one knows but me, but I had to go with the rest. When we started to make the charge, their line was a solid sheet of flames. We went on, and when in about thirty yards of their line they turned and ran to the woods, and this ended the fight, and I was glad of it.

We did not lose a single man the best that I remember; the natives fired enough to kill all of us, but their aim was too high to do any harm to us. They lost many men; I don't know who killed them, as it was dark and there is no way of knowing, and I do not want to know that my hands are stained with human blood, although he be an ignorant Fillipino.

After this fight we were not bothered again for some time, except a short skirmish here and there, the occasional killing of a man by the natives, who would slip up on them and do it, then gone again as secretly as they had come. We also lost many men by diseases of various kinds peculiar to the tropical climate.

We passed Christmas quietly, only had a little extra to eat for dinner and a ball game that evening. Miss Helen Gould had forgotten where we were, and I guess, couldn't locate us as she did on the previous Christmas. On December the 26th, General Grant started to make a clean out of the insurgent forces in and around Mt. Aryat. He sent Lieutenant Wessel, an old civil war soldier, with a body of men as an advance scouting party. I was in that party, and the old officer had seen the real service in the sixties, consequently he was not hard on us and allowed us to have all the fun we could in searching for guns, ammunition, and various implements of war. We halted twelve miles from the starting point and took supper with the friendly natives, eating a meal of rice and sugar molasses. We were called back to the command the next day, and a maneuver started to surround the mountain by General Grant. He was assisted by the Forty-first, Forty-third Infantry; Twelfth and Third artillery reinforced by a brigade of scouts. He formed a double guard line around the entire mountain. The line advanced to the top of the mountain, capturing or killing every native who could not show a good record. There were many valuable papers confiscated and some important officers captured. We

remained on the march for five or six days on this trip, which completely cleaned up the place that had been the stronghold of the insurgent forces for a long time. We only had one or two men killed while the insurgent loss was heavy. General Campo was the most important officer captured on the trip and was sent to Manila. I understand that this man, later got a death sentence. We also sent six other important prisoners with him, whose names I do not remember.

Just after cleaning out Mt. Aryat, we decided to traverse the country and confiscate all the supplies, food, clothing and such stuff as we could find that would weaken the insurgents' strong forces. We started on the raid the tenth of January, 1901, and, after a week, had found enough rice, sugar cane and corn to keep us busy for a month in getting it into our place of business. We captured all of it and enough natives and sleds to haul it to our quarters. Then began the threshing of the rice. We stacked it around a pole and put our ponies to work tramping it out in the quaint, old-fashioned style. It took a long time to get through with the work, but we finally had in our storehouse more than six hundred bushels of rice. We could do nothing with the sugar cane, except feed it to our ponies, hence we had more trouble with it than it was worth. By this time I had learned the Spanish language, and was appointed interpreter for Captain Boston of my company and after I received this appointment I thought I was going to have an easy time, which proved to be a mistake.

About the second day after I got my appoint-

ment, I was told to get ready for a three days' absence and a march of thirty-five miles. I thought we were to have horses on that trip, but found later that we would be compelled to walk, as it would be more secret and less liable to be detected on our mission.

Lieutenant Harvey picked thirty-five men and told them the same thing that he had advised me to do. He did not say where he was going or what he was going after.

We started at 9 p. m. on May 17th, 1901 and, after getting a mile or two from town, he told us that we were to march on General Akeno, secretly, and capture him and his bodyguard of fifty men. We arrived at the place at three o'clock a. m. the next morning; threw out our guard line; surrounded the house of our enemy and Mr. Harvey, a native scout and myself, entered the house of this Filipino and captured him easily, the most of his guard escaped in the darkness. His guards were all sleeping soundly, had they been on the lookout as they should have been, we would have met with a warm reception. We then started home with our prisoners, and at five a. m. we lay down under guard, to get some sleep on the wet grass. We awoke and resumed marching at nine a. m.

At noon we began to look for something to eat. Coming up to an old farmer's house, we spied a goat that we thought would taste very well, so I was depended upon to buy the goat from the old man for our noon meal. I asked him what the goat was worth and was told that the goat was a present that had been given to him by his great friend who was

now dead, and that he could not part with it at all. Well you understand that we were "up against something" and hungry too.

I then told the old man that we were going to take the goat and that if he made any demonstration against us killing and cooking the goat that his life would pay the penalty. Turning then to the commanding officer I said "This man will not sell the goat to us at any price, but will give it to us for our dinner to show his great sympathy and as an appreciation of what the American soldier has done for his country and people."

We killed and boiled the goat in some earthen jars, like those you see pictured in the Bible. We had no salt or bread, just the goat, but plenty of it. We ate heartily and then resumed our journey homeward, picking up several prisoners on the way.

I sometimes reflect back on this little act of by-gone days, and am still ashamed of it, but we had to eat or go hungry. We had offered to do the fair thing by paying for the goat, but the old man would not sell, so we had to have it some way. I would send that old man pay for the goat yet if I knew where to find him, with a long letter apologizing for the way we mistreated him about the goat, ten years ago.

Nothing more of interest happened while at Magalang except an occasional skirmish, and now and then capturing a few prisoners.



THREE COMRADES



CHAPTER TEN

Some time in March we received a telegram from District Headquarters to go to Angeles and report to the commanding officer for duty. This news came to us like a hot biscuit to a hungry tramp in the winter time. We had been at this little Godforsaken hamlet for so long that life was growing miserable. We were almost shut out from the world, and sixty-five miles from the least particle of civilization. Nothing to do but talk to each other and eat our rations of pork and beans and sometimes not any too much of that. We left Magalang on foot and soon arrived at Angeles. This is a very nice native town some twelve miles west of where we were camped, but devoid of all civilization, as much as any other of the many small towns in central Luzon. We were on the Manila and Dagupon railroad now, which added a little more pleasure to the monotonous hours.

I must stop and describe this railroad to the reader. It is constructed on a roadbed like any ordinary railroad track, the track is narrow guage, which makes it look very unique. They have as many kinds of cars as we have in this country, with the exception of sleepers. They have no use for a sleeping car, as the trains make all their trips in the daytime. The seats in the passenger cars are on the sides of the car in most of them. The passengers sit

along the seats facing each other. One strange feature about this strange railroad is that first, second and third class passengers all ride in the same car. The price of the ticket depends on the seat you get, or the seat you get depends on what kind of a ticket you have when you enter the train.

The seating arrangements are just like the mode of seating people in our theatres in this country.

The locomotives are not very large and not very fast. There is not an air-brake in the service. The old link and pin couplings are still in use as we used forty years ago. This is a description of the railroad as it was in 1900, when I was there. I am unable to say what improvement has been made since that time, as I am done with the Philippine Islands forever, and do not even want to hear them talked about, but I must add that this line of railroad is about one hundred miles in length and there are two trains in each direction daily except Sunday. The road was constructed, I understand, by the Spanish government. I do not know how long it has been there.

At Angeles I was detailed to assist the government employees in the United States Post Office. I do not know how came me to get this position, except that I had a good knowledge of the Spanish language, which was necessary, as the mail received and forwarded was written as much in the Spanish language as in the English. I had nothing to do while occupying this position, except ride in the government wagon to the train and back four times per day and assist in assorting the U. S. Mail. I had no soldier's duty to do at all. It is the custom in the

army that if a soldier is detailed on a special job that is easier than the regular army life the boys seem to have a dislike for him in some way. I never did understand why it was, but it is the case in nearly every instance.

Well, the fifth cavalry came over to duty about April seventeenth, 1901, and was immediately started up the line to relieve my regiment at Angeles.

On April the nineteenth we turned over the keys to the new comers and made our arrangements to leave the city of Manila, where we were to wait for a ship to take us home.

The fighting was now about over, the district was about clear of insurgents except the Ladrone bands scattered about the country, which, until this time, give the soldiers some little trouble. Old Aguinaldo had been captured, hence the arrangements were made to take some of the troops home and reduce the fighting force on the islands.

I must stop here and give you the detailed account of the capture of General Aguinaldo and his few tattered soldiers which remained with him to the end.

He was captured some time in March by General Funston and a detachment of picked men, who set out on their expedition some time in January.

In order that the reader may have a full and complete record of the capture I will copy the story from the Manila Times, dated Manila, March 29th, 1901. This is not from memory, as I have a copy of the paper on file and am writing it just as the type was set for the story as related by Gen. Funston to a Times correspondent, who went to him for the story.

CHAPTER ELEVEN.

THE CAPTURE OF AGUINALDO.

The intense excitement occasioned by the rumors of the bringing into Manila of Emilie Aguinaldo, has caused various startling and wild stories to be circulated with reference to the detail of the capture.

In order to give the true story of the perilous undertaking General Funston, granted to the manager of the Manila Times the following interview, in which he describes with realistic details the perilous undertaking, which is now given to readers of Manila Times. Following is the General's story:

"On January the fourteenth a special messenger of Aguinaldo's headquarters at Palanan Province of Isabella, bearing seven or eight letters to different generals of his command and to insurgent chiefs, asking for reinforcements to be sent to him. On February the fourth he gave himself up to Lieutenant Taylor of the Twenty-fourth Infantry, who immediately sent him to me at San Isidoro. He also had valuable correspondence on his person, which gave us information of the whereabouts of General Aguinaldo and the strength of his band at that time. This staff officer had lived at Aguinaldo's camp for the past seven months, and was perfectly familiar with the surroundings. We went over these letters

very carefully, and found among them one in which Baldomero Aguinaldo was ordered to take command of the provinces of Central Luzon, and requesting him to send, as soon as possible, four hundred armed men to Aguinaldo's camp at Palanan. Then and there I conceived the idea of arming and equipping a number of native troops to pass off as these reinforcements, and to make an endeavor to trap Aguinaldo in his lair. I laid my plans before General Wheaton, who approved them, and sent them to General McArthur for his consent to carry out and arrange for the details of what promised to be one of the most important moves of the rebellion. The expedition was made up of four Tagalos who were formerly commissioned officers in Aguinaldo's army, whose names it is not advisable to use at this time on account of their safety in the city of Manila. We selected seventy-eight men of the Maccabee scouts, all of whom could talk Tagalo fluently. This was an important detail, as will afterward appear. Every man was a picked man and was so thoroughly trusted by his officers and the way in which they carried out the difficult task assigned them has proven the wisdom of their choice. also selected Captain Hazzard and Lieutenant Hazzard, who were in command of the Maccabee scouts, my own aide. Lieutenant Mitchell, Captain Harry N. Newton, of the Thirty-fourth Infantry, who was chosen on account of his familiarity with the country which would be traversed, he having previously commanded an expedition into the same territory.

"I obtained a number of captured insurgent uniforms and ten Maccabees were equipped with Rem-

ington rifles, which were supposed to have been captured from the American troops. On March the fourth at four o'clock in the afternoon, we embarked on the gunboat Vicksburg, the remainder of the outfit carried Krag rifles supposed to have been captured, and after a number of delays, occasioned by bad weather, we steamed around the northern and eastern coast of Luzon, and landed on March fourteenth at two o'clock in the morning from the ship's boats, a short distance above Baler, on the east coast of Luzon and about twenty miles south of the town of Casiguran. The gunboat, in approaching land, had every light darkened and not the slightest suspicion was aroused on shore by her approach, and, after landing our expedition, she steamed off into the Pacific, with her lights still darkened.

"We five officers were dressed as private soldiers, and each of us carried a towel, a tooth brush and a half blanket. Many of the Maccabees were dressed as common 'Hombres,' so as not to arouse suspicion by a too well dressed and equipped insurgent force. The expedition was nominally placed in command of Hilario Placido, ex-insurgent, and the other three ex-insurgent officers were supposed to be in authority over the expedition. We started to march at daylight on the fourteenth, and, after twenty miles of tedious marching, reached the town of Casiguran. We had sent word to the President of the town, through native messengers, that reinforcements for Aguinaldo were on the way through the town, so that when we arrived there, food and quarters had been prepared for us.

“This notification had been signed by the supposed commander of the expedition. The President was completely deceived. My troops had captured some months ago some official papers of General Lacana, bearing his official stamp and seal, in order to make the deception all the more complete, we succeeded in forging the signature of Lacana to letters to Aguinaldo, acknowledging receipt of his letters of January the fourteenth, and stating that in response to his request for reinforcements he was sending him one of his best companies. These two letters with the signature of the chief of the expedition, stating that in his march enroute to Aguinaldo's camp, he had encountered an American band and had made five American soldiers prisoners of war, and had captured ten Krag rifles, all of which were on the way to his camp, were forwarded ahead of our expedition. These letters were sent on ahead and we followed on the 17th of March. The trip from Cassiguran to Aguinaldo's camp, which was in Planan, was a most severe one on the men, and required six days of weary marching to accomplish. The distance was ninety miles. Our food supply was entirely exhausted, and my men were so weak and exhausted from the terrible 'hike' and the lack of food, that when we reached within eight miles of Aguinaldo's camp, we could go no further. We, therefore, sent a message ahead to Aguinaldo's camp, informing him of our plight, and requesting that he send us food before we could go further. This was on the afternoon of the 22nd, this was supplied us, and the disguise and ruse adopted by us had been complete. A supply of rice was received

from Aguinaldo, which was brought by a number of Negrotos, who inhabit that country, and who seem very devoted to Aguinaldo and his camp. With these supplies he sent word that he did not wish the American prisoners brought into Palanan, but that they were to be treated kindly, and to be given their liberty. Next morning, March the 23rd, march was resumed, the Maccabee scouts in command of the alleged native officers going in advance, and we five American prisoners, straggling along behind under guard an hour or so behind the advance troops. As the Maccabees approached the town, troops of Aguinaldo's body guard, consisting of fifty men, armed with rifles, were drawn up in parade, to receive the supposed reinforcements. The men who were posing as officers of the expedition, proudly marched into the camp, and paid their respects to Aguinaldo, who received them in a large house built on the bank of the Palanan river, a deep stream running through the town. After the usual military courtesies had been exchanged, during which time the Maccabees outside were using their best endeavors to make use of the knowledge to make use of Tagalo, in relating to the troops stationed in the town, the account of their perilous trip through the mountains and their adventures enroute, the officers who came with the expedition excused themselves from Aguinaldo and his staff for a moment; stepped outside and ordered their Maccabee troops drawn up into line, and commanded them to commence firing into Aguinaldo's troops. By this time, the detachment with five American prisoners had reached



SPANISH BEAUTIES.



the house, and were left outside, they witnessed the effect of the first volley. The routing of the insurgents was indescribable. The Maccabees had been thoroughly instructed in the part they were to play, and beyond a feverish excitement, caused by an itching for the blood of the insurgents, they carried out their orders to the letter. Three volleys were fired into the insurgents who broke and ran in every direction. Eighteen of them were wounded and two killed. One Maccabee was slightly wounded in the attack. This was the only casualty of the expedition. The ex-insurgent officers, the five American officers and several Maccabee scouts immediately made a rush for the house which was used for Aguinaldo's headquarters. With Aguinaldo was Colonel Villa and Santiago Barcelona, treasurer of the remnants of Gen. Aguinaldo's army. General Alahambra was wounded and jumped out of the window into Palanan river and narrowly escaped being drowned. Two other insurgent captains and two lieutenants also jumped into the river through the window, but were soon captured with General Aguinaldo, the officers being captured, not much effort was made to secure the escaping insurgent soldiers.

"The expedition rested until March 24th, and then began to march toward the coast with the prisoners. After a weary march we arrived on the coast of Palanan Bay. There the gunboat Vicksburg was sighted lying out in the ocean under command of Captain Barry, having timed herself to the day of the completion of the scheme. Boats were at once put off from the gunboat to take off the party,

which was accomplished only after superhuman exertion to overcome a decidedly rough surf.

"Aguinaldo, when first overpowered and taken prisoner, was furious and raved and swore at the deception practiced upon him, but since has cooled down and has behaved like one who was entitled to a high and exalted rank."

This is the end of the interview with General Funston. The Manila Times has the following to say in an editorial of the same date:

"General Aguinaldo was taken to Palace dressed in a dark suit of light texture and a wide sombrero, where he was turned over a prisoner to Lieutenant Kenley, who took charge of him. None but the higher officers of the government were allowed to see the prisoner and at the time of going to press the prisoner is still kept secluded. So far, no disposition of him has been made and it is reported that none will be made until it is known what attitude he intends to take towards his capture.

If he remains resolute in his rebelliousness, he will probably become a passenger for Guam. If, however, he is open to conversation and offers his aid in the interest of his own people and the legitimate authorities, then no doubt he will be treated with the considerations his case merits.

However, these are only speculations. Owing to the extreme reservation of the authorities in the matter absolutely no details can be gathered from the high official sources. The facts given, though are known to be correct, since the expedition itself has been a secret purposely guarded by the local

press since the start of the adventure. News travels fast in this country and in these times and the slightest hint to the enemy meant either the death of the brave official of the party and failure of the expedition or the escape of Aguinaldo and complete failure. The cards have been played well, nerve marks the incident from start to finish, and the event must go down in the history of our country, as one of the most romantic, daring and exciting adventures of modern years."

The following is clipped from the Manila Times bearing the same date as the above articles and is the statement issued to the press by Captain Hazzard who accompanied the expedition. We quote his own words as they appeared in the Manila Times: "Yesterday morning Capt. R. Y. Hazzard who selected and cammanded the Maccabees forming the expedition to Palanan, under Gen. Funston, was interviewed by a Times reporter in the lobby of the Oriente Hotel. Captain Hazzard was asked to tell why such implicit confidence was placed in the plucky natives under the command and said: "The Maccabees comprising the body of the expedition belong to company D, of the first battalion of Maccabee scouts, and were not selected from different sides as erroneously stated. The command was organized only last January, and contrary to some accounts, they were all new men. On the day we captured Aguinaldo they had not been in the United States military service two months. Company D is composed solely of Maccabees, and there is not a Visavan or a Lacono in the command.

The selection of the men for the expedition was

made by me personally, and I chose them from my previous knowledge of their character and capabilities. In choosing there were three things to be seriously considered. 1st, besides being the most intelligent men in the company, they were required to be good shooters; 2nd, they had to have a requisite knowledge of the Tagalog language, and, 3rd, knowing the nature of the country to be traversed, they were needed to be the most physically strong men in the command. I had 120 men to choose from, and they were sorted and sifted until 78 were finally chosen, who came closest to the exacting requirements. I had every confidence in their faithfulness and integrity for these reasons. My First Sergeant who accompanied, was formerly a first lieutenant in Colonel Blanco's regiment, where he won many medals and decorations.

His last decoration was bestowed for distinguished fighting against the Moros in the south, and he was called to Spain especially to receive it. Knowing his record I relied chiefly on him, informing the company, and most of the selections were his. As a consequence, nearly all the men were related to him in some manner, and this, combined with the notorious hatred of the Maccabees for the Tagalogs, was sufficient to give us every confidence. As for the others, we knew that, having undertaken so desperate a venture they would go through with it for their own good.

These chosen Maccabees were taken to Caloccan two weeks before we started and carefully drilled, but meantime kept in ignorance of the purpose. They were first told of the object of the expedition on the Vicksburg, after we had embarked. The

first Sergeant was called up by me and the matter explained. Being a thoroughly intelligent man, he readily grasped everything and fell into the scheme, as did the others. They were then decked out and arraigned, and immediately on landing we became their prisoners. We were fed by them and treated in every detail as such. It has been told how the landing was made. I can only say that the country was so mountainous that the trails were not only rough but tortuous. Twice we came back to the coast on the journey, which led us northward at Casiguran, we were placed in a room in the President's house and closely guarded for two days. The people flocked to gaze at us as if we were wild beasts, and evinced much curiosity. The President was away at Palanan, attending the celebration of Aguinaldo's birthday. He had been gone three days. Aguinaldo was thirty-two years of age on March the twenty-second, the day before he was captured, and the celebration had been extended to that day in order to receive the supposed reinforcements. We touched the coast a second time eight miles southeast of Palanan, where we rested and waited for supplies, as we had been subsisting on snails and what little fish could be caught enroute. Here the natives were building houses for the accommodation of the supposed prisoners, and instructions were received to leave them behind with a guard of ten men. This order had to be evaded without arousing suspicion. Accordingly a plan was concocted. After an hour's march a letter was sent back from Placido, who nominally commanded, saying that Aguinaldo had changed his orders and wished the prisoners brought to Palanan. Thus we were able

to follow without suspicion being aroused. While on the march we met a sergeant from the body ahead who said that eleven Tagalog soldiers were coming down the road to where we were supposed to have remained, to relieve the other guard that they might enter Palanan with the rest. We therefore hid in the grass until they had passed and then continued the journey, knowing that we should reach Palanan long before the truth could be discovered or we were overtaken. Captain Hazzard here drew a plan of the rebel leader's camp, showing the Palanan river. The town plaza was nearly triangular, its southern corner fitting a curve of the river. In this corner was Aguinaldo's house, while on the opposite corner were the officers' quarters and barracks respectively.

Between them ran streets to the outskirts of the town. Indicating with his pencil, Captain Hazzard continued to describe the arrival and subsequent events. The Maccabees under Hilario Placido, with the other commanding section, crossed the river in boats, leaving three for the Americans and their guards behind. The crossing was made east of Aguinaldo's house and the men marched across the Plaza to the quarters where the Tagalog bodyguards were paraded at the northeastern corner of the triangle. Here they broke into sections, one stringing from the quarter to the band stand in the center of the piazza; another halting on the bodyguards' flank and in front of the officers' quarters in the northwest corner of the plaza, and the others going over to Aguinaldo's house. The pretended officers then went to Aguinaldo's house and reported. Directly after Segovia, the Spaniard ex-insurgent excused

himself to dismiss his men, who, he said, were fagged out. Crossing the plaza, he stood between the two sections of Maccabees and said "Maccabees, your hour has come, FIRE!" The first volley scattered the insurgents panic stricken.

They ran up the street to the north, some rallying a short distance off and firing some shots which passed through Aguinaldo's house. In this way one Maccabee was wounded. Meanwhile, Aguinaldo, who had been gazing out of the window at his reinforcements, was covered by the revolvers of Placido. Colonel Villa was quicker to grasp the situation, and tried to escape by rushing into the inner room, but was headed off. Major Alahambro leaped out of the window into some stairway, which had been built from the house to the river for escape in case of surprise. Segova, however, returning from the plaza, made around the house and shot him through the shoulders as he ran. Alahambro faced and threw up his hands just as Segova fired again, the bullet passing between his fingers. Alahambro then plunged into the river and disappeared. According to Captain Hazzard's versions, Aguinaldo did not struggle but took it calmly. In comparing with other accounts, however, the struggle had occurred before the Americans entered. The supposed prisoners reached the Palanan river and jumped into the boats there just as the first volley was fired. They at once made for Aguinaldo's house. It is said by some that Placido was obliged to use the butt of his pistol to persuade his unruly captive. Captain Hazzard described Aguinaldo's house as being as plain as could be—besides the kitchen there was a

bed-room and a living room. All of the furniture was home made and very rough. \$1075.00, in Mexican money was found in the house, as part of taxes which had been turned in. From information gathered at Palanan, there are only one hundred rifles in Isabella. Besides the seventy, who were paraded at Palanan, there were thirty out on other duty. In response to questioning, Captain Hazzard said, "Aguinaldo was very talkative on the way down and said many important things, some of which I must not repeat. He said that the insurrection would still continue in spite of his capture. At Tarlac, in June 1899, he and various other officers who were there, swore a most binding oath, that as long as long as they lived, they would prosecute the war in effort to obtain freedom for their country. None of these officers had yet surrendered, though some had been killed and others captured.

"Aguinaldo said that as far as he was concerned he would never break that oath. Aguinaldo also said that he never was personally present at a single battle since the war began. On a great many occasions, however, he had reviewed his troops before battles, but afterwards retired as he was not a military leader, though commander-in-chief of the insurgent army." Aguinaldo admitted that he ordered General Luna to be shot, for the reason that it was positively known at the same time that Luna was organizing an opposition party, and his death was necessary for the safety of the cause.

On the last night on the Vicksburg, Aguinaldo, who became quite friendly on the voyage, came over and sat beside me, and asked if I had any objection to giving him an idea of what questions would be

liable to be asked by General McArthur, as he wanted to be prepared with the answers. I told him that I had no idea what would be asked him, but felt insure that he would be required to use every effort in his power to bring about peace relations, and that if he had the power to bring this about, it appeared to me, that he would be responsible for the death of every native killed in battle henceforth. Aguinaldo said that no man had desired peace more than he since the war began, and that if he could be convinced that the majority of his people desired a cessation of hostilities, he would use every means in his power to bring it about.

I could go on and on and continue to print newspaper clippings on the capture of insurgent forces, until it filled many volumes, but this was the most important capture, hence, I do not consider it necessary or of interest to the reader to go into detail of any of the others that I might describe in detail.

CHAPTER TWELVE.

Now I must return to my story. I say story, because it sounds more natural, not that this work is touched with fiction or falsehoods. I can say to the reader that to fill this work with fiction would be an injustice to the reading public, and, besides, I am not made up that way.

If you remember when we left the story to tell about the capture of General Aguinaldo, we were stationed at the city of Angeles, in Central Luzon, Philippine Islands.

At 5:30 p. m., on April the 29th, 1901, we received a message from the army headquarters at Manila to get ready and proceed with the command to the city of Manila.

We were all in readiness by 8 a. m. the next day and were marched down to the little Nippa barrack, a kind of a depot, where the train was in waiting to convey us to Manila, which lay to the south, a distance of about fifty or sixty miles. We did not share the first, second or third class seats that I have told you about elsewhere in this volume, but just took any old kind that we could get into ahead of some one else. In fact we did not care so much about a seat as we were sure that the initial move was being made to take us home, to loved ones, whom we had left some time ago, with tears in their

eyes. Companies I and B were stationed at Angeles and Company C of the same regiment had marched in the night before and joined us from a little town out in the country, called Porac. We, after some little delay, caused from minor incidents, got started and picked up the remainder of our tattered regiment along the line as we proceeded to Manila. By the time the train landed in the yards, at the city of Manila, we had all the boys on board our special train. We had not seen each other since we landed from the ship "Logan," more than a year before, and many of the boys, whom we had made our closest friends on the long voyage across the stormy Atlantic, we never saw again. The enemy's bullets and the ravages of disease had done the work for our loving comrades and instead of them marching proudly by our side into the great city of Manila, homeward bound, we had to be contended with seeing a metallic casket placed on board the great ocean liner, draped in a loving emblem of the "stars and stripes."

This is a pitiful sight and if you want to see fighting blood boil, just let any one make a slight remark about that dear boy draped in the old flag and you will certainly see a fight. I am sure any soldier would fight Jack Johnson and Jim Jeffries, both at the same time over such an event. The direct reason for this attitude I cannot explain more than to say that all persons in every nation and under all circumstances, must respect the stars and stripes of our country. It seems to be an unwritten law and a universal rule that is taught in our army from the day you enter the service, and the longer you stay there the more one loves to respect and

honor the old flag that never trailed in defeat. After leaving the train yards, we were marched about two or three miles to the seashore and pitched our tents near Manila, at a place called Luneta. This site we named Camp Wallace. This is one of the most beautiful places I ever saw—except Webster county, Kentucky—in life. It is situated on Manila Bay, right on the bank of the serf, with the water coming up to within a hundred yards of the camp.

The bank is not over two or three feet high at that point and the large, heavy tides are cut off from the inlet by the narrow neck of Manila Bay, making it an ideal bathing place. One can wade in the water for a half mile at any time in the day or night. It is so clear that one can see the bottom of the bay in water four or five feet in depth. There is always a breeze coming from the ocean, which makes the temperature just right almost all the time.

The city of Cavite can be seen from this point, also a good view of the old Spanish battleships, which were sunk by Admiral Dewey two years previous, can be had. Their masts were still standing above the water's edge, as they were when we went to the mountain district, more than a year previous. Around our camp was situated many fine residences with their quaint old fashioned porches and broad lawns beautified with everything that nature had to offer. This was really a paradise for us, contrasting it with the country that we had lived in for more than a year. Some of the boys liked it so well that they were allowed to draw their discharge from the army and enlist in the police force in the city of Manila, which at that time was being organized

from soldiers whose time was near an end, and who wished to stay in the islands. The officials were good to us here and all unnecessary duties were dispensed with as much as possible, and the soldier was given a chance to have as much fun as he could during the short time that we stayed in the city.

On the twenty-eighth of April, 1901, I was given a day off, and so I decided to visit the old historic town of Cavite, which is just across the Manila Bay from where we were stationed. I went down town and had some trouble finding out how to get there. There is a canal cut through the city of Manila, separating the steamship passenger docks from the business part of the city, or in other words, there was a canal between me and where I wanted to go, so I finally found a man who makes it his business to take people across the canal. He has a flat boat about six by twenty feet with a top over it. The canal is not more than five or six feet deep, so he propels it with a long pole, which he places against the bottom of the canal and kindly pushes the old flat boat along. The fare is one Centavo, or one-half cent in U. S. money. For one cent American money you get a round trip ticket good for that day. The fare is not much, but the old man is kept busy most of the time, and can live on one cent's worth of rice per day. I reached the ferry and got a ticket on the passenger boat Isabella, which is a little similar to our river steamboats.

The fare from Manila to Cavite and return is twenty cents in Mexican money, which is equal to five cents for each way, and the distance traveled is nine miles each way. Cheap riding isn't it? The bay was somewhat rough, but I had been canned up

so long that I would have enjoyed anything on that day. We passed through the fleet of American ships and among them were, the Indiana, Meade, Pennsylvania, Hancock, Buford, Kentucky and many others that I could not see their names. The Kentucky had just gotten in from some foreign port, and was being cleaned and painted and looked like she could do some business if her big guns were turned loose on anything smaller than the moon.

I only remained in the city of Cavite one hour and did not have time to get a good view of the city or many of the points of interest. I visited the long row of forts along the bay, which are built of stone and look like they might have been good defenses a few hundred years ago, but no good now, against the modern fighting machines of civilization. This city is very old and is constructed of stone and bamboo, as are most all other cities in the Orient.

This is also Aguinaldo's old homestead and birth-place. I also passed near most of the sunken vessels of the Spanish fleet and could read their names on many of them. They are as follows: The Christina is an armored cruiser and is sunk just at the entrance of the harbor. She rests well on the bottom and seems to be perfectly balanced, with her upper deck protruding out of the water a little distance. The Balasco is a second class war vessel, and is sunk just to the left of the Christina, and shows her forward part while her aft is entirely under water. The aCstila is the largest and is a first calss war vessel. She is sunk just outside of the harbor, and is all under water except her smokestack. The Wilda is a gunboat which has been raised from the water and is in dry docks at Cavite, undergoing re-

pairs. There are four others with names so long that it would not be interesting to name them. These other four are on the bottom of the ocean and are torn to pieces. I returned to Manila, about 5 p. m. that evening, having enjoyed a nice vacation of a few hours, the first that I had had in more than a year.

The city of Manila had changed since we last saw it, thirteen months ago. Instead of the delapidated old huts on valuable lots, there had been erected some nice buildings. There was the New Alhambra Theatre, as good as any we have in this country in cities of the same size. The little old native hotels were turned into nice modern hotels, and instead of the native chuck to eat you could get anything you called for. Of course, the prices are about double that of what we pay in this country. There had grown up many modern eating houses and cafes since our departure. There were several banks doing business on a modern method of book-keeping and half of the population was speaking the English language. The street cars were still propelled by the little native ponies as they were when we left. The United States Government had built the largest ice factory in the world in the very heart of the city. The old wall is still in existence around what is known as old Manila, but it is getting to be of little or no importance, fenced in with an almost impassable barrier to traffic. The new city is fast taking over all the business interests, leaving the old city to be used as a kind of a native quarter, which is a kind of a resemblance to the French quarter at New Orleans or the old Chinese quarters at San Francisco. The whole island of

Luzon was becoming more civilized in many ways. The United States had taken charge of the railroad, the ice production which is a very important factor, and was aiding the natives in every way possible to encourage agriculture. They had established schools with American teachers; also gave the natives, who were peaceable, a right to vote and hold office in the provincial government of the islands. In a word, our task was nearing an end, which had started easily, but was fought bitterly with every inch of ground in contention.



ON THE FIRING LINE.

CHAPTER THIRTEEN.

I will stop here and relate to the reader the traditional cause of the war with the native Filipino. The American forces were first fighting the Spaniards, assisted by the natives of the Islands, some native troops were guarding one side of the bridge at Santa Mesa hospital one night while the American soldiers were standing guard on the other side. There was a native officer who had imbibed too much of the native vino and who decided to cross the bridge. There were strict orders that no one should be allowed to cross the bridge.

This native officer managed to get by his guard and when he came to the American side of the bridge he was denied a pass through the lines under penalty of death at once. He paid no heed to this warning and was instantly killed by our men on guard. I do not know the exact circumstances leading up to this killing, but at once when the guard killed the native officer, their troops fired on ours and there was the most decisive battle of the insurrection. The next day, while out on the field, the natives had a sharpshooter in a little hut off some five or six hundred yards from our line, who was picking our men off occasionally with a Mauser rifle. The house was located and a ten pound explosive shot was trained on the house and let go. The first shell fell short, then another one was

trained, which went too high and over the shack. The third shot hit the little shack in the center and exploded, leaving no shack, sharpshooters, or anything, whereby that one could identify the place of refuge that had a few minutes previous been so effective. The reader must remember that this all happened a few months before I arrived on the islands and I cannot vouch for its truthfulness. I could go on and fill this little volume with incidents that I have heard but when I tell you an incident that I do not know to be the truth I will frankly tell you so.

On April the thirteenth, 1901, the Manila Times had the following to say in an editorial regarding my regiment: "The Forty-first Infantry U. S. Volunteers, arrived in Manila today, and are now stationed at Camp Wallace on the Luneta. The change of the station was made in record breaking time. The regiment occupied nine different stations from five to fifteen miles from the railroad. It was about five o'clock p. m. when they received telegraphic instructions to go to Manila. They were all on the train next morning, bound for Manila. Headquarters and Co. I and B have been stationed at Angelies, Companies A and L at Guagua, K and D at Bacalor, M at Mabalcát E at Mexico, F at Santa Anna, G at Candaba, H at San Luis and C at Porac. The regiment was relieved by the Fifth Cavalry and Third Infantry.

The Forty-first Infantry had had easy duty for the last few months as the American troops in their vicinity have inspired the fear of God and Kraig bullets in the hearts of the rebellious natives. Only

a week ago however, a corporal from L company was killed, being shot from ambush. The regiment is numerically strong, having over 950 men. Very few of these will accept a discharge in Manila. Twenty-one officers will stay here, however, three already holding commission in the regular army, and the other eighteen will go up for examination for the appointment to the regular establishment. The Forty-first will probably sail for San Francisco in about a week and will be the first returning regiment to have circled the globe, as it was mobilized at Camp Meade, Pennsylvania, and came to Manila via New York, and the Suez Canal."

About the same time as the above clipping was printed the Manila Times had the following to say in regard to the Forty-first regiment: "The Forty-first regiment of United States Volunteer Infantry was organized in the month of September, 1899, at Camp Meade, Pennsylvania, yet almost every state in the Union is represented on its rolls. From the time that the first company was organized they were drilled day after day and finally it was decided to give them a little target practice, and for this they were taken to Mount Gretna, Pennsylvania, one battalion at a time to prepare for the work that was before them. The regiment was reviewed on October the twenty-ninth by the Secretary of War and Adjutant General who pronounced themselves justly proud of such a body of men to send to the front in foreign lands. The regiment at that time was 1,500 strong, something almost unprecedented in the history of enlisted regiments, thus showing how many good able-bodied men in the United States that were willing to sail the wide seas to foreign shores to

sustain the honor of their country and their flag. For several weeks after the review they were kept busy with drilling and target practice, until the order came for them to proceed to the Philippines and report to the eighth army corps at Manila for duty. The regiment left Camp Meade on Saturday November the eighteenth, 1899 for New York, via the Pennsylvania Railroad. Arriving in New York at 5 a. m. the next morning and immediately went on board the U. S. A. T. Logan, which was lying at pier number 22 on the Brooklyn side of the river, awaiting them. They left New York for Manila on Monday, November the twentieth, at three-thirty p. m. amid the tooting of whistles, the roar of cannon and the waving of flags and handkerchiefs by the loved ones who stood on shore eagerly watching the departing vessel as she disappeared from view on the long voyage to the country's new possessions.

Their abandonment of Camp Meade was practically the abandonment of that historic camp for military purposes. The Logan arrived at Gibraltar December the second, touched at Malta on the sixth and arrived in Singapore on December the twenty-ninth. At Singapore the entire regiment went ashore and had a short practice drill, the officers of the regiment being entertained by the British officers of the garrison. They sailed from Singapore at 5 a. m. December the thirty-first, arriving in Manila harbor January the fourth, 1900. The regiment disembarked on the sixth and went to camp at Nipa barracks, Malte, being assigned to the first brigade, first division of the eighth army corps. On January the 12th one battalion under General Mallory proceeded to Angelies, the remainder of the regiment

following soon after and being stationed at a number of towns along the line as garrison for the same. Namely, Angeles, Mabalacat, Magalang, Sanfernando, Bacolor, Lubado, Santa Ana, Sexoan, Mexico and Santa Rita. When Northern Luzon was divided into districts or departments, Colonel Mallory and four companies occupied the sub-district of Guagua, Colonel Richmond retaining the remainder of the regiment in the department of the north with headquarters at Angelies. The troops on duty at Angelies, Mabalacat, and Magalang accompanied General Grant to his famous expedition to Mt. Ararat in February and assisted in dispersing the strong insurgent force that was gathering at that point and terrorizing the whole country. In February a patrol consisting of one Corporal and four private soldiers, were ambushed and the Corporal killed. The remainder of the patrol gave the ambushers a touch of high life, showing them what the boys of the 41st came over here for, drove them from their position and killed a number, when the rest, anxious to get away left the field. The regiment kept the district well patrolled, and the Ladrones and outlaw guerrilla bands have found out, to their sorrow, that the district is hard on their health, hence they are giving it a wide berth. The regiment has a detachment from various companies of experienced marksmen, under Lieutenant Weeder, formerly of the Seventh Cavalry, which is known as the night patrol, and who patrol the entire district at night, reconnoitering every nook and corner in search of wandering hostiles, and looking after the peace and good government of the district. A large number of Ladrones, murderers and insurgents, who are attempting to

pass through the district by night, have been arrested, while many arms and large quantities of ammunition have been captured by them. They have succeeded in almost effectually ridding the territory from that undesirable element. They have not been given an opportunity to try their metal on the battlefield when the regiment was all together, but should the occasion arise, they will all be found on hand and so the straw will show which way the wind blows."

I want to use one more newspaper clipping for the benefit of lovers of baseball, who shall chance to read this work, then I will promise not to use any more newspaper authority in this little work.

A Manila paper had the following to say in regard to a baseball game between company I Forty-first U. S. V. and H. Battery of the Coast Artillery, which game was played a few days before we left Manila. I quote the paper's own words and vouch for the correctness of the statement, as I was on the ground and saw the game: "Death levels all ranks. so does baseball. If one is supposed to doubt the statement they should look at a snap shot of the grand stand audience that good naturedly went wild over what was probably the finest game of baseball that has yet been played on the league grounds in Manila. Officers of nearly all ranks, non-commissioned of all ranks, police, and private galor, both white and black mingled their shouts of joy or derision as heir friends or enemies on the diamond made good plays. H battery from the sixth artillery and the team from the Forty-first Infantry U. S. V. were the opponents. When H battery appeared on dress parade there is noticed a preponderance of red

trimmings, and so live up to its color and tradition, and yesterday was no exception. The Forty-first have lost some good blood in fighting and chasing the late enemy, and to make up for what they had lost, they too went in for gore. Another thing tending to make things interesting was the fact that the 'Battery boys' had just had a pay-day. The long green went up to back the short red. The long green did not have to expose itself to the sun because ready and willing confidence was in their team. In all probability something like three thousand dollars were up on the result of the game. Thus it was that amid the heat of excitement and the heat of broiling tropical sun, the umpire took a reef in his collar, examined the stitches in a new clean, white sphere, made out invoices and receipts for the same and turned the property over to the tender mercies of the pitcher. McCabe was not at all careful in using the ball. He did not care if it did become dirty and he threw it real hard in the direction of one of the forty-first boys near the home base with a bat stick in his hand and the game began. There were moments when one likes to be alone. That was not one of them. The Forty-first boys were not able to make the proper combination between bat, ball and bases and retired without scoring.

"Castillo is a pitcher and an infantry man, so the ball is supposed to be white, so are the trimmings on his uniform, therefore, they are supposed to be in sympathy. Probably they were. The Artillery men retired without a score and the first inning stood 0 to 0. In the second the Forty-first boys were no more successful and the Battery backers in the grand stand yelled themselves hoarse. They did

more in the end of the second because at that time the score stood 5 to 0 in favor of the Battery. The men of white trimmings did not like the looks of the score. They changed it when they next retired and clinched the proportion in the last half by putting out their opponents. Six to five at the commencement of the fourth inning. Sporting blood began to boil and more wagers on the result were laid. Forty-first stock went up after that because in that inning they scored two more and in the fifth two more, allowing their opponents but three runs in the fifth. Score at the end of the fifth, 10 to 8, and both sides doing pretty work. There seemed to be a demand for eggs—goose eggs being preferred—and both teams began to furnish them each of which appeared to be the cause of increased enthusiasm on the part of the spectators. The sixth and seventh innings were played and still the score remained the same ten to eight. Only two runs to tie was what the Battery boys thought, but the first thing was two men out and prospect looked gloomy. A tall looking American cuss began to flash a big bunch of bills in front of the grandstand, demanding that Battery sympathizers cover it, but there was no desire just then to make any more bets. The next man grabbed the bat in one hand and a handfull of Philippine dust in the other. He looked cool and determined, the umpire called one ball, a yell from the Battery, next call, one strike, a yell from the Forty-first. The man at the bat got his eye screwed on the next ball the moment it left the pitcher's hands and tried to write his name on it with the bat, but he was too aggressive, he only succeeded in making a dent in the ball and it went

sailing up, up, up, into the blue ether and everybody got a cramped neck watching its flight. It came down, down, down, over the fence and the umpire called foul ball. He then said ball two, ball three and then the batter hypnotized the next ball and sent it looking for the first. It went a trifle further up and knocked the corner off a thunder cloud and came down over the fence. The umpire next called ball four and the man took his base, his predecessor taking possession of bag number two.

“The next up at the bat did not have a strike called and went down on four balls on the bases were full and two men out. Score ten to eight. About a number two man on the first gun of the second section took hold of the bat the same as he would a gun swab. He had evidently been in scraps before and was not afraid of the ball. He also had good judgment. He struck a clean pretty grounder down between first and second bases and the crowd again went wild. It was surely good for two runs. It would have been good for three if the man on first had not been too swift. He shot away from his position like a race horse with dreams of bringing in the run that would place his team ahead of the Forty-first. He traveled so fast that he interfered with the ball, he actually won out, but according to the rules he was out and so was his side. Eighth inning closed and the score ten to eight in favor of the Forty-first. It was a bit of mighty hard luck. Pop flies an easy grounder to the pitcher retired the Forty-first in one, two, and three order. In the last of the ninth a Battery man got first on balls then pop flies an easy grounder and did the work again.

The Forty-first won ten to eight and the crowd rushed on the field to congratulate both teams, for both deserved it. The playing was clean and sportsmanlike and there was nothing that either side need regret, because both teams played a lne game."

The above will close the newspaper clippings, and I shall not use any more of them. I believe that I have quoted all the clippings from the Manila Times, but I desire to say that some of them may have been taken from the Manila Freedom, and I do not know which ones, hence, can not properly place the credit due each paper where it belongs.

CHAPTER FOURTEEN.

We will now go back where we left the subject of getting ready to sail the deep blue sea on our homeward journey. The United States Army transport Budford was lying out in the beautiful bay near the city and the very sight of it made our hearts glad, for it was to take us home, and very soon, too. Thursday, May 16, 1901, was the day that we went on board the great monster. Our baggage, at camp, was gone over by the Government officers, inspected and locked up and delivered to the hold of the ship. We had many visitors on board until Friday, when we were forbidden to have any more visitors. I do not know why this ruling was made, unless that is the military style of doing things. I was detailed to handle the United States mail between the ship and the city for our regiment while we were anchored in the bay, consequently had an opportunity to go ashore every day. General Aguinaldo came on board the last day and bade us all good-bye and hoped we would all get back home and have a good time and not happen to the misfortune that he had during our short stay in his kingdom.

Our last visitor before sailing was General McArthur, of the United States Army, who came on board and made us a nice talk in a few wellchosen words. He said in part: "You have been good men, true and brave soldiers; you have performed the duty that you came over here for in a manner

that you deserve to be loved by the people whom you represent, and now, boys, go to your homes, go back to your mothers and sweethearts, who will receive you with outstretched arms, and make as good husbands as you have soldiers, and the world will be proud of you, and when you come to cross the dark valley of death you will not be ashamed that you have lived. May God bless and save every one of you is the prayer of your old gray-haired commander."

The loading of supplies was finished by Saturday afternoon and the workmen were all sent ashore. In a few more minutes the ship's steam launch was brought up and fastened to the proper place, then the boys knew there was something doing, for we knew there would be no more going on shore, still we did not know exactly what time we would leave.

At 4 p. m. the anchor was hoisted and at exactly 4.02 p. m. the steam was turned on the great monstrous engines and she slowly turned around and pointed her great nose in the direction of home and mother.

The Regimental Band struck up the old familiar air, "Marching Home to Georgia." At that time it would take one who was present to describe the joy that we all felt when we left the city never to return. Hats were thrown in the ocean to see who could wave the highest. The boys shouted themselves hoarse and all was merry to an extent that it is not possible to write in words. We steamed slowly out of the bay and passed Corrigador Island about dark. The United States Government has a hospital on this island, which is fitted with every modern convenience to care for the sick and injured. It is a very

desirable place for a hospital on account of the fact that the place is not too far from Manila and has a delightful climate, with the hot rays of the sun continually cooled by a sea breeze. The place is also out of the bustle of business, which is so annoying to sick people.

The transport Budford is only a two-mast ship, but nearly as large as the Logan, on which we made the trip from New York to Manila. Like the Logan, she is also fitted with a bakery, electric light plant, blacksmith shop, cold storage and a dozen other things that are required to make life comfortable on an ocean liner. Her sleeping apartments are about the same as those on the Logan. There is an upper deck, or what is termed the cabin, which is fitted with nicely furnished state-rooms with all the luxuries of a modern hotel. There are private baths in these staterooms. The beds are arranged one above the other and are two deep. The woodwork is of a highlypolished oak and looks very attractive. These state-rooms are arranged on the upper deck on each side of the ship and next comes a long hallway running the entire length of the ship on each side. This hallway separates the large dining room from the sleeping quarters. The dining room is in the center of the cabin and is large and commodious. It is equipped with every kind of nice furniture that goes to make up an attractive dining room. It is also furnished with all kinds of nice silverware and in fact everything that is necessary for an attractive dining room. It is better than most of the dining rooms that you will see in hotels in small cities.

The quarters that I have just described are for the officers and not for the enlisted men. We never

went in their quarters except that we were orderlies waiting on the commanding officer or called in by some of them to get a "jacking up." The only time I was ever in this dining room when I went in and faked a pound of butter that I had spied from the outside through the window.

I will not go into details about it, as I am still ashamed of doing it. I will now stop and describe how a ship is painted all over, outside and while riding the waves in mid-ocean. One not used to the ordeal would not do it and others would tell us that the sailor would spill his paint, but he does not. They have been accustomed to the motion of the ship so long that they walk around with as much ease as you would walk on the ground, while at times one unaccustomed to the motion of the ship could hardly stand without holding. After the painting is done on the inside and out on deck the sailor mixes his paint and gets it all ready and then takes a long plank, fastens it in the loop of a rope on each end of the plank, then lets his plank overboard down the side of the vessel as far as he wants it, then ties the rope somewhere on top. Then he goes down the sides of the ship to the platform with a rope ladder. The paint they can carry along in one hand and scale around out on the outside of the ship with no more concern of their great danger than if they were painting an old board fence for some farmer out in the country. They get many of these boards in operation and the job is soon completed and they come on deck smoking an old cob pipe usually.

Sunday, May the nineteenth was our first day on the high seas since we had come to the islands,

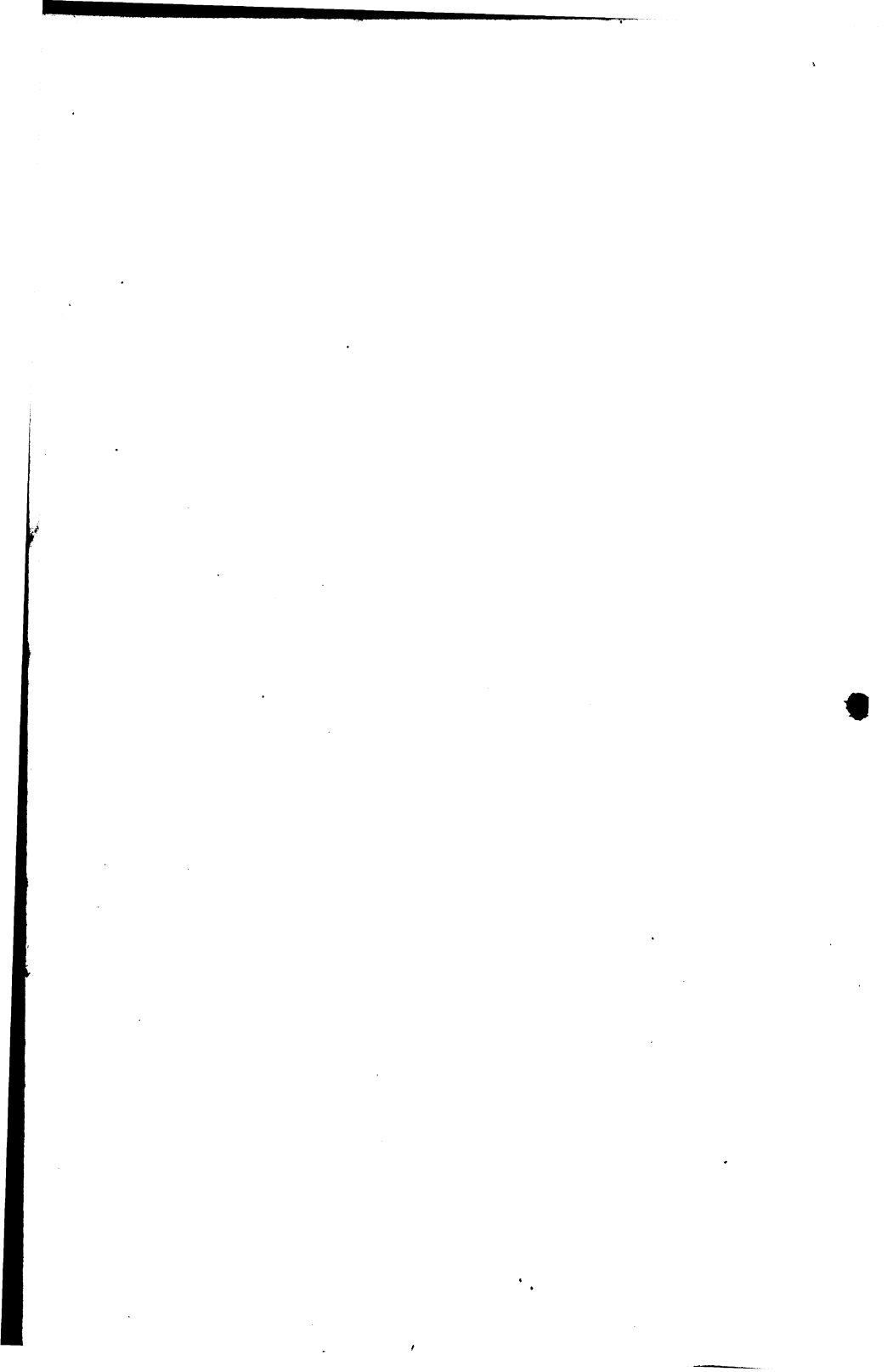
many moons previous, and as we had not been used to sea-faring, the boys again got sea sick, and as I have told you before, this is the worst sickness of all. A man does not care to eat and he cannot sleep or stay awake and so there he is. You will have to have a little experience before you will know just how a sea sick person feels. The malady was not so bad as at first, I suppose the reason was that we had been initiated some time before, and then, too, the ocean was not so rough as when we left New York. We had also gotten used to any old thing in our experience in the Orient. The second day at sea was a stormy one and the boys who were getting well, took a relapse account that the ship seemed to be tossing in all directions, and not caring when we landed or how quick it came down when tossed up by a big wave. We passed an island on the second day, said to be 37 miles to the west of our course, and which was formerly the property of China, but at that time belonged to Japan. I did not learn the name of this island therefore do not know the size of it, or anything about its population, production or soil. On May the 21st, we passed the island of Formosa about ten-thirty a. m. This island is the property of Japan and was acquired from China in some way a few years ago. The main feature of the island is that it produces one of the finest teas known except that grown in Ceylon Island. It is of very little importance in other productions, except a few tropical fruits and vegetables that are grown in most all the countries of the Orient.

On May the twenty-second we came into a cold territory where the thermometer registered down to 47 degrees and we all came near freezing, as we

thought, as we had been used to an average temperature of about one hundred in the shade. There was no land in sight, but we passed an old-fashioned sailing vessel early in the morning that would remind one of one of the three vessels on which Christopher Columbus crossed the Atlantic in 1492. We sighted land on the evening of the twenty-third, which proved to be Japan. We reached the bay of Gagasaki and dropped anchor about 3:10 a. m. of August the twenty-fourth. This is a beautiful city on the southern coast of Japan and is entirely surrounded by mountains. In the early morning of the twenty-fourth we saw a curious sign on the side of the hill nearest us and upon inquiry found that it was an advertisement of a certain cigarette written on the side of the mountain with growing flowers, in such a manner that it was legible for more than a mile out in the ocean. This alone shows that Japan is up to date in her advertising. Our ship received a new supply of coal at this station, the work being done by natives who carried it on their heads in willow baskets. The work of coaling the ocean liner occupied two days. I do not know the population of the town but was informed that it was about thirty thousand. The natives are Japanese and their clothing was of a kind of a loose blouse made up in many folds. The men wear almost the same kind of a dress as the ladies. At this port our ship was inspected by the Japanese health officers before we were allowed in port. These officers were dressed the same as Americans, and were well educated. The women of the town carry their infants inside the folds of their clothing on their backs and you are unable to tell whether



PHILLIPINO SOCIETY BELLE.



they are bound there or not. I suppose so or else they are slipped down into a kind of a sack looking fold so they won't fall out. There are many peddlers and fruit venders, looking for all kinds of schemes to work on the stranger. I remember one incident that I will relate. A peddler of nuts came on board and we allowed the man to set his basket on top of a grating on the upper deck, then a man went down on the lower deck and took a broomstick and placed it through the grating and turned the basket over, hence the whole basket of nuts came down stairs on a lower deck. Well, when the Jap peddler attempted to go down stairs, we had stationed an imaginary guard at the stairs and told him that no one was allowed below. Of course the peddler left with an empty basket. The officers of the ship did not know anything about such tricks as these, or of course they would not have been tolerated. Needless to say, but we got all the nuts. We were dead broke and had no money and this was the only way to get them. The bay of Nagasaki is entered through a narrow and deep channel, being surrounded on every side by mountains which I suppose are fortified, making a very difficult place to enter. I would much rather try to enter the Bay of Gibraltar against the English forces than attempt to get into the bay of Nagasaki, should the Japanese not desire our presence, however, if we should ever want to get into the city we would manage some old way to do so, as it has been the custom of our flag from time immemorial to go wherever we wanted to go, and I hope that we, as a nation, will always stand by that unwritten law. I am not anxious for such trips, but am ready when needed and I know

that it is absolutely necessary.

On Sunday, May the twenty-sixth, we left the quaint little town of Nagasaki, I hope forever. The United States cattle transport Astec left about the same time as we did, but as we were on a faster ship than they had, we left them far behind with a good prospect of entering the Golden Gate of God's country, several days ahead of them. On the 27th and 28th, we passed a few islands which were of no importance and entirely barren and uninhabited. Decoration day came on us in the Pacific Ocean and of course, it was impossible for us to decorate any graves on that occasion, as the weather was too bad and the footing too uncertain to be outside. We had the usual bill of fare for dinner. We passed a transport, or rather sighted her on her way to Portland. She was communicated with through a megaphone, which is inferior to the new wireless. On May the thirty-first, when we awoke, you could not see ten feet ahead for the fog. I am sure that it was the heaviest fog that I ever saw in my life. There were three men on duty on the forward bridge of the upper deck while one extra man stood on the aft bridge. The progress during the day was very slow on account of the great fog and a blast of the great whistle was blown every three minutes as signals. I do not exactly understand this arrangement of signaling during fogs, but suppose that it was to give all vessels who might be passing our exact location in case of accident and also to keep all other vessels clear of us to avoid any collision that would perchance happen were it not for these regular and frequent fog signals.

CHAPTER FIFTEEN.

Saturday night, June the first, was a beautiful moonlight night, with a cool wind from the southwest. The boys were out on deck and the weather was as beautiful as could be. We retired at nine thirty as usual, and commenced to enjoy a peaceful slumber with hardly a move of the great ship discernable. At 4.30 a. m. I awoke, and to my surprise, found the waves rolling mountain high and the great sea roaring as if it would tear to pieces and sink, leaving us on dry land. Just about this time I noticed the Master At Arms coming through with a big monkey wrench in his hands tightening all the bolts to the doors, or port holes, making them absolutely water tight. He seemed a little nervous and on being questioned about a typhoon, he made hardly any reply, more than to say that it was only a little flurry and would be over in a few minutes. By daylight the forward hatch, or door, at the top of the stairway that goes out on the upper deck, was closed so that no one could get out on the deck to see what was going on. The storm kept up all day and at night we all retired again, and were unable to get much sleep on account of being almost scared to death. We only traveled one hundred and seventy-five miles during the day, when our speed should have been about two hundred and seventy-five miles per day. This storm kept up in all its

fury for four days, and on the morning of the fifth it was somewhat abated, leaving a dense fog somewhat like the one that I have just described. The speed of the ship had begun to pick up a little, as we traveled one hundred and ninety-six miles on the last day of the storm. On Thursday, June the sixth, we crossed the international date line. This line is at meridian one hundred and eighty, and so we had two Thursdays together. It was Thursday, and the next day, June the sixth, 1901, was also Thursday. It is the dividing line of the two hemispheres and also the dividing line of time for all nations. The school children have all read and studied the geography about this famous line, but actual experience in crossing it shows no change whatever except that there are two days together, which are the same day of the week. It is only an imaginary line of course on meridian 180, and if one was not instructed, would never know the difference, but unless you keep a strict watch on the calendar you will loose one day. On Saturday, June the 8th, we passed the U. S. A. Transport Pennsylvania enroute to San Francisco with the 40th Regiment on board, who were returning home from the Philippines, after a long service away from home. We seemed to be making better time than any of the vessels and of course that suited us fine, for we were sure in a hurry to get home to see what had been going on since we left the shores of our native land., As we neared the transport Pennsylvania we heard the officer of our vessel shout to the officers of the Pennsylvania through a megaphone, that we were going to change our course and go to Honolulu for coal, and then we got angry

again, for this extra cruise would delay us about ten days longer than the straight run to San Francisco. Had we not heard the megaphone conversation we would not have known anything about it, but as we did we all got the blues about the long delay. We did not care to visit any more strange or new countries, but wanted to get home and the quickest way possible was too slow for us at this time.

On the twenty-ninth day from Manila, we reached the beautiful city of Honolulu, which is located on the largest island of the Hawaiian group and dropped anchor early in the morning. Hawaii, the very paradise of the Pacific, was formed by an upheaval of the earth many centuries ago, so teaches geology, but in the last decade it has become a tropical paradise in the midst of the Pacific Ocean, twenty-nine sailing days from the city of Manila, and about eleven days from the city of San Francisco. On these islands are situated some of the greatest volcanoes under the American flag. Sometimes they lie still as if sleeping and again they pour forth the very ingredients of Dante's inferno, which impresses the fear of their superstitious gods in the hearts of the ignorant natives. The city of Honolulu is located on the island of Oahu. The bay fronts the beautiful city and just back of the city rises the famous Pacific Heights, rising to an altitude of about 2,800 feet above the sea level, and near it is situated what is known to Americans as the Devil's punch bowl, which is an extinct crater of a volcano and rises to a possible altitude of about five hundred feet above the sea level. The city had a population of 29,462 at the time we were there, as shown by

the city records, composed of every race on the face of the earth.

The chief occupation of these people is agriculture and manufacturing. The natives seem to be very industrious, and not afraid to work in the least. As this city is made up of every class and race of people, there is a church of every denomination on the globe in the city of Honolulu. I had the opportunity of visiting the Japanese, Chinese, Mormon, Y. M. C. A. and the native church of the islands. I did not learn much about it as they all did about the same thing, except the Y. M. C. A., and it was as we have it in this country. The other churches were on the same line with the Catholic.

While in the city I visited the famous Devil's punch bowl, a mountain near the city. I could not tell except from history, that the volcano had ever been active. The crater is covered on the inside with briars and a tropical thicket in such a manner that it is impossible to get a good view of the inside. There can be had a good view of the city and the surrounding country from the top of the crater. The reader will understand that these Islands are no more than an upheaval of rock many centuries ago in the midst of the Pacific, and by being exposed to the air so long that they have become beautiful tropical agricultural territory. I next visited Pacific Heights, which I have told you about, and which lies just back of the city of Honolulu and towers to an altitude of twenty-seven or eight hundred feet above the sea level. This mountain is ascended by means of an ordinary street car, which works on a kind of a cog wheel device to keep it from going backward. The car runs through

great cuts and climbs dangerous heights until the summit is reached. There are eleven curves and grades in the road varying from fifty to two hundred feet in length, and all look very dangerous to the traveler. After one gets to the end of the car line, there is a zig zag path leading a little farther up the car line. The time occupied in making the ascent is 38 minutes, and 29 minutes to get back to the city. There are many volcanic rocks to be seen on this trip, and I picked up many smaller ones which I still possess.

At Honolulu we traded all our extra clothing for watermelons, fruits, nuts and various kinds of vegetables. This was contrary to the rules and regulations of the United States Army, but we managed to evade all the guards and make the exchange when we had a chance to get what was wanted.

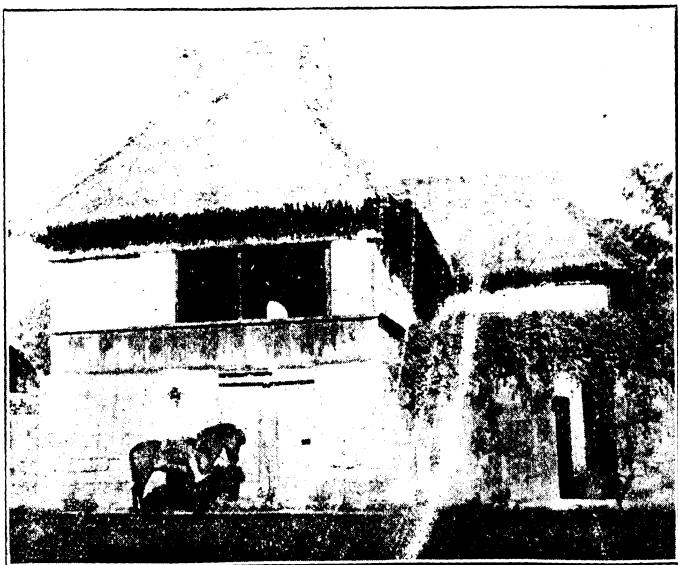
Honolulu has a very nice Y. M. C. A. building, for the exclusive use of all Americans, who chance to visit the city. In it you will find all kinds of stationery, pens, ink and pencils, that are necessary to write home. They also had a nice library, but we had no use for that. The writing material was the only thing needed for a forsaken boy in a strange land and among strangers.

I could go on and on and describe the volcanoes from a historical standpoint until this little volume would be filled to overflowing, with an account of volcanoes of the Hawaiian group, but that is departing from the policy of the book and not giving my experience.

I will add that there are not any volcanoes in the group that are now active, but they are just lying dormant and are liable to burst their rock

fetters and turn their firey insides loose on the people in the surrounding territory at any time. There were many volcanic eruptions in these islands dating from 1855 to 1870, but since that time there has not been any of much importance to the outside world. On Monday, June the seventeenth, we were towed out of the harbor by the little tugboat "Fearless," when our great sea-monster turned on her own steam after the last stop before reaching the Golden Gate of our beloved shores. We passed a ship load of school teachers going to the Philippines to teach English to the natives. They were having a jolly good time, not once dreaming what they would have to encounter in the Far East, and how homesick they would get. They were about one half women, and I understand that many of them had made love matches and were married in Honolulu. Seems to be quite quick action, as they had not seen each other 30 days previous to landing in Honolulu.

Our course out of Honolulu was to the north and on June the 22nd, we ran into a snow storm that lasted all day, but with this exception we had fine weather all the way from Honolulu to the Pacific coast. The ship's coal bunkers caught fire about 500 miles from San Francisco, but the damage was not serious and did not scare any one, as we did not know anything about it until the fire was extinguished. Nothing to create excitement then you see. Wednesday, June the twenty-sixth, 1901, was our last day on the high seas. We sighted land on the western coast of America at nine-fifteen a. m. At eleven-fifteen all the engines were stopped but one and we slowly drifted through the Golden Gate



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and dropped anchor in the harbor of our native land. Many shouts of joy went up from the boys in blue when the great ship dropped her anchor in the bay. We knew that it was our last trip, that we had encircled the globe and returned safely home, never to traverse the great sea again; that we would in a few more days greet the loved ones at home, and a thousand other things to make us glad were hid as secrets in our breast. We were quarantined in the bay until the U. S. Medical Board could examine our health and contagious diseases, hence had to spend the night on board the ship. We did not like that much, but it was the best that could be done. We began to leave the ship early Thursday morning June the twenty-seventh, 1901, and took up our quarters in the famous government camp grounds, Presidio, which overlooks the Golden Gate and gives a good view of the Pacific ocean. I will now stop and give the reader a short account and description of San Francisco, as it appeared before the earthquake.

CHAPTER SIXTEEN.

San Francisco.

San Francisco is a beautiful city. It has acquired the name of the city of "A Hundred Hills" and "The Metropolis of the Golden Gate," which titles the city honestly deserves. The city is situated on a peninsula and separated from the main land by San Francisco Bay on the East and the Pacific ocean on the West. The city of Oakland lies just across the bay to the east of San Francisco and all transportation is carried on between the two cities and the outside world by means of ferryboats to Oakland. San Francisco was founded by Spain and was at first a mission colony, selected account of its advantages for commercial purposes and as a seaport. The commercial life of the city dates back to about 1830, when an Englishman moved in and commenced a commercial business, dealing in eggs, hides, tallow and furs. At this time there were not more than twenty people of the Caucasian race, while the census of 1900, which is the latest that we have, gave the population at a little more than 340,000. The state of California was not declared American territory until 1846. The city of San Francisco had its commercial birth with the discovery of gold in 1847, when people of all nations flocked to the city in great numbers to make a fortune. Some of them got it and others perished in

the gold fields from starvation, famine, etc. Many traveled toward the gold fields from the east over the mountains and parties who never got there, being killed by the Indians who infested the country to be traversed.

After the Central Pacific Railroad was completed the millionaires began to look around for a place to build homes which resulted in the selection of Knob Hill, which has later become famous for the many houses and homes of millionaires. Among the residences erected many years ago, to later go down in an earthquake, were those of Stanford, Croker, Hopkins, O'Brien and Huntington, and many other men of note.

While San Francisco is a great manufacturing and commercial center, it prides itself on being the greatest garden product center in the world. Every kind of fruit that could be thought of, is sold on the streets of San Francisco, and most of it is grown in the vicinity near the city. The city is so hilly that most of the street cars are drawn by means of cable under the track to get them over the hills. The streets are wide and the city has the appearance of being the most pleasure loving and light-hearted city in the world, or did at that time, but since I was there the old city has suffered a death stroke, and by the cruel hand of nature, she has sunken to rise a greater city in every respect, to the one that was crumbled to ruin in a few seconds. On April 18th, 1906 the crash came, as if from the bowels of the earth came a trembling that rent the city asunder, and within a few seconds, thousands of people who had enjoyed life were left paupers. This quake I will tell you something about a little

later on. The climate of San Francisco is peculiar. There is no ice, no snow, or any hot weather to worry the tourist. The temperature stands at about 55 to 57 degrees the whole year. There are hardly any fires built in any of the homes for comfort. There is a heavy fog almost every morning, which soon clears away, leaving a clear, fresh atmosphere that makes one feel in the prime of health. The people of San Francisco wear the same weight clothing the year around and never think of changing the weight of their clothes from summer to winter. Along about the first of May the winter rain ceases and the golden flowers are blooming everywhere, some of them as large as your hand. Everything is fresh and nice and then is the time that the crops are started. The rain begins again in November and there will be a few heavy rains which will finally cease, then the vegetation will be green again for several days. The rains continue at intervals from September to April, with an occasional let up. When everything gets green again.

While the city is beautiful and within its borders reside some of the best people in the world, there is another side to San Francisco. One street known as the Barbary coast, consists of three or four blocks of solid dance halls of the lower type, where every sailor in the world is welcome to go, get as drunk as he chooses and do as much mischief as he can, without letting the police get next to him. I am told that until last few years anything might happen to a man in the water front of San Francisco. A stranger taking a drink in one of the saloons on the water front, might wake up in the Philippines, or find himself in the West Indies the next time that

he came to his right mind. Then there is Chinatown, which I will describe in the next few pages, one of the degrading colonies that might be imaginable to a free born American. The restaurants of San Francisco are fine, if you keep away from the water front. Get your meals in the up-town restaurants and they are among the best in the world, but above all things, stay away from the water front dives all the time, for they will get your money and may be, your life. The restaurant called the Poodle Dog, is the most famous of all eating places in the city. The building is five or six stories high and on the ground floor is a public restaurant, where you may get the best meal in the world, then comes the second floor, where private dinners are had, by families or any one who chooses to pay the price. Then the third, fourth and fifth floors, well I don't know what is going on up there as the elevator man will not talk unless asked about something, when his reply will be couched in as few words as possible. Nearly all of the people of San Francisco have eaten at this restaurant some time or other. There are the largest crowds on Sunday night, when the whole family goes to get their supper to avoid cooking at home. They all go to the theatres, of which there are many that are not to be surpassed by anything of the kind in the world. Another point of interest is the old Spanish burying ground over on the bay. There are no new graves dug there now. It is a beautiful place and in the center is a huge cross that stands fifty feet high, which has towered over these graves for sixty years. Other places of interest are the United States mint, the

famous Cliff House, which has been a pleasure resort for many years, being located out in the Pacific ocean, it is far away from the turmoil of business and gives the pleasure-seeker a chance to get away from dirt and dust into a fresh air, fanned on all sides by a gentle breeze that is inviting to any one for a few hours at least. Chinatown would have seemed the more curious to me had I not had some experience in the Orient, but I shall never forget my visit through this Oriental hell in the very shadow of freedom, stocked with places of ill fame, gambling dens, thieves, liars and murderers, such was before the earthquake, that destroyed the Oriental spot so well loved by the slant-eyed gentleman and the "Mecca" of the American tourist. This Chinatown is almost in the very heart of the city of San Francisco. It was really an Oriental city in the middle of a great American city. When the gold fever struck California the Chinese began to flock over to get rich, and I suppose made a better success than many Americans. They were crowded into a few buildings, as they came, and when their places of habitation had gotten too small, there was a separate section set apart for them. They changed the buildings so that they would conform to the Chinese idea of architecture and it was not long until they had a city of their own, known the world over as the Chinatown of San Francisco. The best time to see Chinatown is during the night, say from eleven in the evening until four in the morning. To a stranger it would look strange and is strange as you will see when I describe my visit on that night. The streets are narrow and steep, being paved with rough stones

of any old kind that could be gotten together. The fronts of all the houses are dotted with many colored paints and lanterns which are peculiar to Oriental style. The Joss house or the house of their Idols are not forgotten. The paints are applied to them in so many different colors that they look like a checker board instead of a house of worship. One can stop on these Chinese streets in the daytime and remain a few minutes and it would be hard for a moment for one to think that he was not in the Chinese Empire. The lower floor of every house is used as a store building of some kind, while the upper floors are used for various purposes, and the sleeping quarters and gambling dens are mostly under ground, away from the civilized world. The "chink" merchants are usually sitting in front of their places of business reading a Chinese newspaper, while every man you chance to see has a pig tail hanging down his back. There is no other language spoken except by people who are there visiting and seeing the places of interest. Most of their wares are brought from China and are of little real value to our people, except as curiosities. The drug stores sold dried snakes and frogs, which, when compounded, would drive away all the evil spirits that continually afflict the Chinese people. In most of the larger stores you will find at least one Chinaman who can speak English some, but the bookkeeping and the counting of money is all done in the Chinese way. I bought some sandals in one of the dry goods stores. They are made of felt and have soles an inch thick. They make a very good house slipper, but for anything else they are not worth anything. They are good for a Chinaman for he never gets a square from home, so does

not need any shoes. I have seen thousands of Chinamen and never saw one with a pair of shoes on that could be tied or fastened on his feet in any way. The Chinese patronize their own people and trade with Americans as little as possible. Another thing about the Chinaman, he will not get drunk under any circumstances. I never saw one drunk in my eighteen months among them, in their own empire, the Philippines or San Francisco. The Chinese are industrious and thrifty and were it not for gambling they would all be rich, as they can live on a couple of cents worth of rice a whole day. There were about twenty thousand Chinamen in Chinatown when I was there, and only about one thousand of them were women, so you see the bachelors were much in excess of the weaker sex. They dress alike and one not accustomed to being among the Chinese could not tell a woman from a man, as they wear the pig tail as well as dress just the same. The majority of Chinatown lived in the basements of the houses where rent was cheap and I have seen seven or eight men of the lower class living in a basement room below the street level not more than ten feet square, doing their cooking on a bed of fire in one corner of the room. They slept on bunks that are no more or no less than a bed of straw covered with a cheap cloth of some kind.

One of the strangest sights that I saw in Chinatown was the Chinese theatre. The getting into the thing was gained through a back alley upon paying fifty cents for a ticket, then going through a few "rat holes," climbing a couple of flights of stairs, descending two or three ladders and then you landed into the theatre right on the stage, where you

saw the actors, painted and clothed in as many different colors as the rainbow. There were a few chairs reserved on one side of the stage for visitors, while the bunch that made the music sat in the rear of the stage. The music was a cross between a pumping station and the echoes of a steel mill in operation. And the acting—well, you cannot tell anything about it. Just a lot of rip-saw songs in the Chinese language, some dancing that does not resemble our way of doing it and a lot of stuff that you have not the slightest idea as to the meaning and the show is over and you go out over the ladders and stairs as you came in. The Chinese enjoy the performance immensely.

The chinaman is a natural born gambler and will wager his last dollar on the game of which he is so fond. Along the streets of Chinatown you will see signs that read like this: "Merchants' Club, none but Members Adimtted." These places are nothing more or less than gambling dens, where the Orientals can go and gamble all they want to and not be interferred with by other nationalities. I was told by the guide that when a place was raided by the police that the chips and cards had disappeared as if by magic and that there was always a confederate who was watching and would give the tip by means of a signal device of their own invention, then the evidence of a game was all banished in a moment and the police would find the men sitting around the table as unconcerned as if they did not know one card from another. A Chinaman has no faith in his fellow men and I was told by my guide that in some of these clubs or gambling joints that there was a big safe kept and in addition to a time

lock, four of the members carried a key to a pad lock which was used in addition to the time lock, so that the safe could not be opened unless all four of the men were present in addition to the one that knew the combination on the safe. A Chinaman does not believe in the bible and therefore will not swear the truth on the witness stand, unless it suits him. The courts of San Francisco will not take a Chinaman's oath as they have no confidence in him. To make a Chinaman tell the truth you must take him to a graveyard and cut a chicken's head off over the grave of one of his countrymen, then he will tell you anything that is asked of him, giving you the whole truth and nothing but the truth. The Chinaman will kill and do his own people any old way, but will not bother an American, and were it not for this, Chinatown would have been a thing of the past long ago.

Our guide told us that Chinatown was divided into secret societies the names of which I have forgotten. These societies were always rivals in trying to get money and outdo their neighbors who did not belong to that particular sect. The troubles that arise within a society are settled by its laws, and when trouble arises outside of it in another society, it means death to one or more to some one. They have their own laws and abide by them. Of course they are supposed to obey American laws and abide by them while on American soil, but they ignore the laws as much as possible. A Chinaman caught violating the rules of these sacred societies is killed and then the society to which the man belongs makes a demand on the one that killed their member for a sum of money in cash, to be paid at once to

appease the death of the dead comrade. If this money is not paid at or by the specified time a man is at once detailed to kill one of the other society, so as to make things look more even. Of course a price is fixed for the killing which is paid as soon as the job is done. The favorite weapon of a Chinaman is a big knife made of a file or a piece of steel, and a revolver of a very large caliber. The first time that the detailed man meets the victim that he has obligated himself to kill, he slips up from the rear and stabs or shoots him in the back. A Chinaman is too big a coward to ever bring trouble face to face for a settlement. If the man is ever arrested for the crime of course his society will prove an alibi and if necessary stay with him and retain counsel through the trial in the American courts. It is a very hard matter for the officers of the law to secure the conviction of a Chinaman, on account that he cannot be depended upon to tell the truth under ordinary circumstances.

No Chinaman, no matter what you do to him, will tell on his fellowman. I once read of a Chinese fisherman who had incurred the ill will of another Chinese society. He was captured or kidnaped one lonely night and taken to a desolate spot and there tied hand and foot to stakes driven in the ground and left there to die. He was discovered three days later by some passers by, by chance and in the face of what would have been death without doubt, he refused to tell who his captors were, or who had done him the outrage.,

Death is sure to follow the man who does not submit to the Chinese law. He may ask the American courts to protect him, but long before his wants

are known to the outside world he will have lost his life in the dark village as mysteriously as the magician handles his wand. Chinatown is cut all up in cellars underground and in these cellars are the lowest gambling dens, places of ill fame and every conceivable wickedness that the alert mind could imagine, with the exception of drinking whisky or other intoxicants. I did not go through much of the underground world, as part of our guests were ladies and relatives of mine, and, they becoming tired of the place, asked us to give up the sight seeing in Chinatown before we had traversed much of the underground.

There is also a better side of the picture one will see as he traverses the streets of Chinatown. It is the Joss house, which is very interesting and more so to the bible student, for it is their place of worship, and the only way they have or care to have to worship Him who created them. It is a large room devoid of seats. A lot of various colored lanterns and scroll work adorned the walls of the room. There were scattered around the room a few implements of war, while several hard looking josses or idols peered around the room from under the silk canopies under which they were hidden. There is a small statue of a Chinese warrior riding a horse from one corner of the room to the other side of the building and appears to be approaching a joss, who is holding a teapot which the guide told us was filled with fresh tea every day to await the coming of the warrior. This is intended to represent a man who was killed in battle and his horse refused to eat and finally died of starvation. In another corner of the room was a small bowl of water which was also filled

with fresh water every day as the gods occasionally came down in the joss house to wash their hands, thereby making the water very holy. At certain seasons in the year the josses were asked certain questions by having a slip of paper placed in their hands on which was written a direct question of one kind or another. The paper would disappear and the joss would simply nod his head in the affirmative or the negative, whichever the case might be. On their alters were many brass and copper vessels in which the Chinese worshippers would leave a piece of certain kind of wood burning so that the ashes would fall in the vessel as it burned up. This was then emptied into a larger vessel which was in the church and when the large one was full it was emptied into the broad expanse of the Pacific ocean to drive away the evil spirits which might chance to be coming over from the Chinese Empire.

The average Chinaman is very religious in his own way, but when services are over he forgets it all until the next time he goes to the joss house when he is again as solemn as ever. They have services twice each lunar month and there is a furnace in the joss house where paper fruits and the like are burned in memory of their departed relatives. They also in this manner claim to send their departed friends anything that they desire by burning this stuff to ashes in the joss house.

This will close my narrative as far as Chinatown is concerned, but if the reader wants to learn more of the Oriental hell there are many able writers on the subject of Chinatown in America, and I would advise you to read one or two good authors' work

on this subject. I have not told everything that I learned while on my visit to this "rat hole" as I consider that it would not look well in print and would be unfit for the children of our country to read.

I think that we should cut out to some extent the sending of missionaries to India, Japan, Africa, etc., to teach people the religion of a true and living God, when we have worse heathens than those above referred to right here at home, within the limits of our free and loevly land, and where civiliation is supposed to be at its height. It is true that we have missionaries in the United States, but why spend our money to send them to another country's kingdom, when conditions are as bad right under our own nose. I have been to most of the countries where we have missionaries and have had an opportunity to glean a few facts in regard to their religion from most of the places that I have visited, and nowhere have I found the worship of God made such a mockery as in the very heart of our own prond city of San Francisco. It is time we were waking up to the fact that we need men and women educated at home to work for the Master in our own native land. While it is true that all heathens need converting, but let us start at home and do our work and then it will be plenty of time for us to assist Germany, China, England and other nations in the conversion of their heathen. Our people are willing to do it, but the question is why don't we do it. I will tell you why. Some fellow will get a handle to his name like LLD. DD., or something else and then if he can get the expense money advanced to take a jaunt across two or three oceans and a trip

down the Nile and cross the rivers Jordan with us fellows at home paying the expense, he gets his name down in history and in the big dailies. That is why they do not work at home. And once in a while you will read a piece in a daily with glaring headlines where the missionary has been kidnaped, which is not so, and then when he comes home with a sun-baked face from a tropical climate you say Oh! the poor man has devoted his life to the work of saving heathens, when the fact of the business is that his face was browned just like mine was, by a broiling tropical sun thirteen thousand miles from "nowhere."

Now dear reader, if I have been too hard on the mission work you will pardon me, for I speak as my heart dictates. Before I went to the Far East I believed like every one else in sending big men to the wilds of India to convert the heathen and I believe it yet, when we get done in our own country. I traveled an eastern course to the Orient and came back by the western route, had an opportunity to see the habits of the people that we are sending men to convert to the Christian religion and nowhere on earth in all my twenty-five thousand miles of travel are conditions as bad in regard to the Christian religion as in the Chinatown of the city of San Francisco. I hope that some one will see the need of the conversion of our own heathens in this United States of ours and blot out every idol in the churches if possible, then I am sure that we will still find plenty of men to sail the wide seas to work in other fields. Let us take care of our own first.

CHAPTER SEVENTEEN.

We only remained in the city of San Francisco a few days and would have made the time shorter, if possible, but Uncle Sam had us under his care and it is not advisable to part from his watchful care without permission. Before we leave the city I shall stop and give the reader a short description of the earthquake that happened a few years after I left the city. On the morning of April the eighteenth, just as the day began to dawn the city was shaken as if by magic, leaving a city that was a few minutes before the glory of the inhabitants of the Golden Gate, in turmoil, desolation and ruin. The shock came while most of the population was in bed. The laboring class were just preparing the morning meal while the aristocratic element were still dwelling in the peaceful sleep of fairy land. The first shock destroyed all the flimsy wooden structures. The first shock was followed by many more, one right after the other, until the water supply was cut off, telephone and telegraph communication was demolished and there was nothing to be done when the fire broke out except to use dynamite and destroy all buildings in the path of the flames, in order to check the headway of the fire to the other portions of the city. The population rushed to the

streets in fear of their lives, and many of them in, their night clothing were killed in falling wreckage from nearby buildings. Within two days from the time that the first shock was felt, the city of San Francisco lay in ruins, a mouldering heap of ashes and brick. The people experienced great difficulty in getting provisions as most of the city's food stuff had either been buried in the ruins or burned up. Occasionally there would be a discovery of a grocery store made in the ruins. So eager were the people to obtain food that these supplies, when discovered, had to be guarded by soldiers to keep down riot and bloodshed.

The famous government camp was used as a temporary camping ground for the homeless and many emergency hospitals were erected in the camp. Water was also as scarce as food. Of course there was an ocean full of it near at hand, but that cannot be used in its natural state, on account of its bitter taste. The water was hauled to the women and children from whatever place it could be gotten. The city was placed under military rule and the soldiers did their duty as ordered. No one could enter the city and many thieves were shot while trying to loot and steal valuables from corpses along the street. The people of other cities and practically the entire world began to donate supplies for the stricken people. The railroads carried them free to Oakland from whence they transported by boat to Camp Presidio. The great telegraph and telephone companies gave free service to the city. The Red Cross also did their part to relieve the suffering, and within a short time the three hundred thousand homeless people were not wanting for the

necessaries of life. Most of the lumber yards of the city were saved and with this they constructed barracks; also seized every unburned house and church, which were all converted into living rooms for the homeless. The people being fed and clothed with a place to stay, the next step was to go to work with the idea in view to build a new and better San Francisco. The city is almost completed now and is so far ahead of the old one that it seems that in some ways the earthquake was some advantage. I shall now leave San Francisco with the student of history and take up my trip from the city of the Golden Gate to Dixen, Webster county, Kentucky, the garden spot of the whole world.

The long looked for June the 30th finally came which was the last day of my term of enlistment according to my previous contract with the United States Government. We were still soldiers though on that eventful day. The volunteers were being mustered out as fast as their discharges could be written and signed by the large staff of army clerks and officers. June the thirteenth came and ended, leaving me tied up with Uncle Sam just the same as ever. July the third was the eventful day on which I was handed my discharge from the service. I accepted it, shook hands with my old grey haired commander and the boys whom had learned to love and left the service forever, unless my services are actually needed in a conflict with a nation that is our equal, then I am ready and willing to leave the old home again and travel under a tropical sun, protected by the red, white and blue, to any climate in the solar system that can be reached. I hope that I will never be called upon to perform the

service, which would become my duty, under such circumstances.

I was a proud boy when I read the document which read like this: "To all whom it may concern: Know ye that Louis A. Stone, of Co. I, forty-first regiment of the United States Volunteer Infantry who enlisted at Owensboro Ky., on the 18th day of October, 1899 is hereby honorably discharged from the service of the United States Army, account of the muster out of his regiment, and when enrolled was 21 years of age, ruddy complexion, brown eyes, five feet seven inches high, weighing 154 pounds and by occupation a clerk. No objection to his re-enlistment is known to exist. Signed XXXXXXXXXXXX. I perused it carefully and thought that I knew of an objection to my re-enlistment, at least I took it for granted that there was an objection and placed the document in my pocket and began to look around for a railroad station that would have the necessary documents that would transport me home. We were all paid off at the time of discharge, and I received one hundred and fifty-four dollars, and ten cents, that being two months' pay and included my railroad fare and hotel bill to my place of enlistment. You can readily see that the Government is not so bad to their soldiers as they took me from the city of Owensboro, Ky., and turned me loose in San Francisco, 'but gave more than enough money to take me back to where they picked me up.

Every railroad that enters the city of San Francisco was clamoring and making rates for the transportation of the soldiers to their homes in the East. This was a big business and each railroad tried to

see who could furnish the best equipment at the smallest price. There were whole special train loads of soldiers leaving the city every day for many weeks. We made arrangements with the Sante Fe Railroad to transport the forty-first to the east. We arranged for a special train of twelve coaches of Pullman sleepers dining car, library, reading and parlor cars to take us to St. Louis Mo. We got our discharges one evening about three o'clock, and by eight that night our beautiful special, as fine as money could build, was backed up to the station at Oakland, waiting for us to get aboard. You understand that the railroad enters Oakland which is just across the bay from San Francisco and the journey from Oakland to San Francisco and vice versa is made by ferry owned and controlled by the railroads.

You get your ticket in the down town ticket office and it is punched by the ferryboat conductor and this pays the fare. The part of our regiment numbered about six hundred, who went on this special from San Francisco to St. Louis, and cost us twenty-five hundred dollars, and we paid for our eating extra which made it cost each man about fifty dollars for the trip.

CHAPTER EIGHTEEN.

While in San Francisco I met some of my relatives who lived in the city and who were aware that I was coming in about this time. They were on the lookout for me and met me at the camp. One of my cousins has an important job with the Wells Fargo Express Co. He took me to dinner with him many times and tried to get me to go to work for his company. I do not remember the exact words in which I replied to him, but the meaning runs something like this:

There is another, not a sister in the happy
days gone by

You would have known her, by the merriment
that sparkled in her eye

Too innocent for coquetry, too fond for idle
scorning.

Oh friend! I fear the lightest heart some-
times makes the heaviest mourning.

I was going to her, I did go. I left the city of San Francisco forever, met her in my home town and am with her yet. That is why I would not work with the Wells Fargo.

I do not believe there was ever a more jolly or good natured bunch of men in the world than those six hundred discharged soldiers, when the two mon-

ster engines released their brakes, rang their bells and turned the steam on the driving machinery and slowly, but surely pulled out of the yards, leaving the service of the United States and the city in the background. The boys whooped themselves hoarse, so great was their joy to be going back to their loved ones, some of whom had not been seen for years.

One must remember that we had men on board who had spent years in the army, and this was their first time to get a notion in their heads to leave the service. We all had our uniforms on when we left the service, not taking time to buy any clothing of the civilian style. Of course we turned in our artillery and other property belonging to the United States. The only thing that I have is a soldier's eating outfit, which I did not turn in as I should have done. I have described it elsewhere in this work, and it is useless to take up again. We were without firearms when we started, but were not long in getting a full supply, although we had no use in the world for them. Some of the boys bought the cowboy hats and other regalia, accompanied with a generous supply of Fermenti, after which they were not long in getting happy or intelligent. We had the right of way over all trains and sped along at a fifty mile rate, passing other first class trains at intervals. We only sopped for coal, water and provisions.

We had overlooked an agreement to make any stops for the purpose of sight-seeing, consequently did not get to do much of it, except when the train would stop for a while, taking coal, water or getting supplies.

We passed through some pretty tough territory in Arizona. It looks as hard as the place where Moses took the Children of Israel, and I think that I am a suitable judge in the matter, as I have visited both places. There is a space of fourteen hundred miles through the desert where no water can be had. The water used by the railroads is sidetracked at intervals in tank cars and used when needed badly. but not molested if an engine can possibly get along without it. An incident happened at, I think as best I can remember Flagstaff, Arizona, of which I must tell you. There was a bunch of Indians at the station waiting to see the trains come in. The Indian women were a curious element to us, as these were the first that we had seen. One of the boys began to make love to one of the dusky maidens, just for fun. This enraged the men and they quickly made arrangements to shoot us, but we had had experience in this business and of course that didn't worry us much. About a couple of hundred of the boys went out of the train to adjust matters with the dozen or so redskins. Our men just picked up a couple of rocks apiece and with these weapons put the reds to flight in a few minutes, leaving them none the worse off by the skirmish except a few peeled heads made by the connection of the small rocks and their naked skin. The whole matter was adjusted in a few minutes and the boys climbed back on the train and we left the place no worse for the little piece of fun we had had with the Indians. About the only place that interested me was the Grand Canyon of Arizona. It is very deep and many miles wide at the place where we crossed. Some of the walls are almost perpendicular while at

other places it slopes gradually to the surface above. It is also covered with some very irregular and rugged rocks of immense size.

Had we not had so much traveling there would have been many places of interest to us. The Kansas wheat fields and corn fields were some of the objects of interest that caught my eye. It had been a long time since I saw any growing crops, such as we have in good old Kentucky, hence, there was something in seeing them that appealed to me. Nothing of interest happened until we reached a little town between Kansas City and St. Louis, the name of the place has escaped my memory. The young ladies of the town had prepared in advance a nice supper on the court house lawn, which was really a treat to us and, too, we had not the opportunity of being in company with the fair sex for so long that we did not know how to act orderly. We enjoyed the supper immensely and thanked the young ladies for their courtesies to us. Before the train pulled out of the station the ladies had tacked a banner on our train that read as follows in letters a foot long: "Heroes of the Philippines." We behaved the best we could and related many incidents of war to the ladies, which were astonishing to them, and I must say that some of the boys fell in love with the girls on sight and I am unable to say how Cupid ever terminated the affair, as I have not seen a single man of my regiment since we parted in St. Louis, Mo., on July the sixth, 1901. We arrived in St. Louis, which was the terminal of our special train. At this city the regiment was divided, some going to one state and some to another until there was nothing left of the boys in blue as an organized



LOST HIS LIFE BY THE RAVAGES OF DISEASE.

body of soldiers. I was left alone there, and then was the first time that I ever felt bad on account of leaving the boys who had been my friends during the war, and whom I had learned to love as brothers. I had a chance to visit some of the places of interest in St. Louis, but I shall not stop to describe the city as every school boy must have seen the city, and those who have not are familiar with it on account of its central location.

I left the city during the night of June the eighth in a car where there was no other passenger and then I began to get lonesome. I soon fell asleep and did not awake until daylight, when I found that the car was full of people. I took the Vandalia out of St. Louis and traveled a hundred miles out of my way to get started home on account the Vandalia line had a train out several hours earlier than the direct route home. You can imagine by this that I was anxious to come quick or I would not have ridden one hundred extra miles to get started a few hours earlier, and no saving in time at my final destination. I arrived at Vincennes on the morning of the ninth of July and took breakfast at a restaurant occupied by a big fat German, who asked me questions as fast as he could until I was ready to go again. When I left the place, he was still wanting to know about the war, as far as he could see me down the street.

I waited in Vincennes only a short time and then got a train into Evansville, Indiana. I never left the depot in Evansville, as I was afraid that I would miss my train over the I. C. to Blackford. I arrived in Evansville about noon and took an Illinois Central train for Blackford at 1:30 p. m.

arriving there just in time to see the Kentucky Western leaving around the curve for Dixon, my final destination.

Well, I was mad then, to think that I had just missed my train which was to take me over the final stretch of nineteen miles to see those friends who had been anxiously waiting for me for nearly two years. I cried a little, almost swore some and then decided to make the best of it that I could, so I settled down and decided to stay all night. I found a place with a farmer who lived in town and I will tell you dear reader that was the first night that I had slept on a good bed since October the eighteenth, 1899. It was the first time that I had placed myself at a table since I left home. I did appreciate that night's hospitality, and if the man who kept me that night ever reads this I want to know him. I want him to let me know who he is, as I want to thank him again for that night's lodging which I will never forget. I had purchased a suit of clothes enroute, and by the time that I got ready to go home I began to look like somebody. At Blackford, Ky., I got a shave, hair-cut and cleared myself of the remainder of the Philippine dust and all of Uncle Sams clothing, donned my new suit and prepared to go home the next morning. In the meantime I had called up my father over the telephone and had a conversation with him about one thing and another. He wanted to drive that nineteen miles after me that night, but I finally persuaded him to wait until the next morning and I would come home on the train. Well, morning came and so did the Kentucky Western train, better known as "Pide." On the train was father, one

brother and a sister, none of whom had seen me since I started to school on that eventful morning in October, 1898. As soon as I saw my father I remembered how I had skipped out through the corn fields and watched him pass me unnoticed. I still felt mean for that trick, though it had been almost two years ago. We soon got started on the way to Dixon, Ky., in a little blue combination coach, which was the only one in the service of the Western Kentucky Railroad. After getting off the track a few times and having some good luck in getting on, we arrived in Dixon just in time for dinner. My father had engaged Sam Campbell, who was then in the livery business to drive us home. He was in waiting at the depot, and once in his rig we were soon in front of the old home one more time. I thought then that I would never leave the old home again, but I did not remain there long.

I arrived home July the third, 1901, and spent a few days in idling around and meeting old friends and acquaintances, after which my father sent me to the farm to ride a mowing machine, cutting grass. I had not been used to that kind of work and consequently did not last long at it. When I gave up completely, my father sent me to his store and told me to run that. The first thing that I did as a merchant was to buy a lot of spring calicoes and dry goods, of various kinds in the month of September. Well that did not suit my father very well, so he gave the stock of merchandise to my brother and myself, with instructions to make a living or do without. We kept the thing going for a year or so, when I decided that the credit business was not what I wanted. I never could say no to a customer.

I decided to get into something where the cash was forthcoming on the spot or no go. I chose the profession of telegraphy and railroad station work. I first went to Lisman, Ky., to learn the business. I stayed around there about two months and soon found out that there was nothing to learn about the business at that place, so I started to the Morse School of Telegraphy at Cincinnati, O., where I thought that I had graduated in the art, but to my sorrow, when I went down to a railroad office I could not get anything that was going over the wire. That discouraged me, and I came very near quitting at that time. I came home and, through a friend, secured a position of helper at Cecelia on the Louisville division of the Illinois Central Railroad at a salary of \$19.60 per month. I kept this job for eleven months and finally passed the examination under E. F. North, of Louisville. From there I went to Grand Rivers, Ky., and worked as agent for six months. From Grand Rivers I came to Wheatercroft, Ky., in November, 1905 and have been with the Illinois Central since that time at the above named place as agent and operator.

Conclusion.

We left home, mother and friends, traveled the known world; went into the enemy's country to defend the honor of our country and came back a haggard looking bunch of boys. Please give us the credit we deserve. We know you will do it. We have been forced to the icy north and the sunny south alternately all within a few days. We have crossed the mirey bogs and sloughs of the Orient. We have slept in the rain amid millions of mosquitoes and other vermin that continue to afflict mankind until we reached the golden shore across the Jordan of the Valley of the Shadow of Death. I have not told the hardships which a soldier in active service must at times encounter. I have left off many good things by which we amused ourselves, but take it all around, it is not a bad life for one with any nerve, or care for his country. You will scarcely find one of the boys who has fought under the old flag who would not go again if necessary, in the defense of his country. There is something fascinating about it that no eye can see, no pen can write, or no tongue can tell. There are many good men in the United States Army who make ideal friends. There is represented almost every profession in life within its ranks. While I have met none of the boys since my term of service expired, I could clasp any of them by the hand and call them beloved for

old time's-sake if nothing else. One thing about the army is, it will cause you to be led astray and become wicked if you are not very careful. There are a few men who take an interest in leading boys astray and they will be found in the army as well as any other place. There are all kinds of religious amusements for the right doer, and if one does not walk in the narrow path it is much his own fault as in any other profession of life or avocation. I enlisted and served my time like a man and am not sorry for it. I have nothing to regret, but I would not advise a young man to join or not to join. Just take your choice as I did and then there will be no one to blame for the outcome if you are dissatisfied. I love any soldier and to day when I hear some friends singing the national music that we used in the Far East, it makes my blood boil and I long for another sight of Old Glory floating over and protecting me, assisted with the watchful eye and trusty rifle of the ever ready sentry. I shall now close this little volume for my part and will follow with two chapters, one from H. G. Maxey, late of the Spanish American War and one from my beloved friend and comrade Jno. E. Cox, ex-regular of 1876. A few words to the young, who may chance to enlist and I shall close and escape the critic forever. Young man if you enter the army, you must be sober, loyal to the Stars and Stripes and obedient to your superior officers. Have a kind word for your sick and wounded comrades, write to friends and mother often, patronize the Y. M. C. A. and read the literature that is given you by the army Chaplain. It will do you good. Be a good moral man, don't use bad language, smoke cigarettes or drink to an excess of the many foreign beverages that are tempt-

ing you on every hand and by so doing you will be living like the ideal man referred to in William Cullen Bryant's poem of half a century ago. It is about the only poem that I ever committed to memory and the only one that I have not or ever will forget. It is as follows and is entitled Thanatopsis:

So live that when the summons comes
To join that innumerable caravan
Which marches to that mysterious realm
Where each shall take his chamber
In the silent halls of death.

Go thou not like the quarry slave scourged to
his dungeon,

But with a firm and unfaltering step,
Approach thy grave like one who wraps the
draperies of his couch about him

And lies down to pleasant dreams.

I hope that all who have read this little book have enjoyed it. I have tried to make it as interesting as possible by relating my own personal experience and publishing many illustrations which are made from photographs and are not artists sketches. The reader may rest assured that I was present at the time every photo in this work was originally made and they are true to life and character.

Any one that would like to talk personally with me about my trip around the world will find me at home at Wheateroft, Ky., day or night every day in the year. May Almighty God, the Father of the Universe, bless all the Boys in Blue.

Yours truly,

THE AUTHOR.

A TRIP TO THE EAST IN THE U. S. ARMY.

By

H. G. Maxey, Ex-Soldier, Sturgis, Ky.

When the Spanish American war broke out I became of the opinion that nothing surpassed the glory and splendor of the American Army, hence I made up my mind to join the Regulars and fight under the Red, White and Blue. I enlisted in Co. "C" 20th United States Infantry at Memphis, Tenn., in the fall of 1900. We remained in Memphis only four or five days, after which the recruits were loaded on Pullman sleeping cars and the start was made; the objective point being San Francisco, Cal., where we were to board a transport for the Philippines. At Kansas City we picked up a bunch of cowboys, who had enlisted in the Cavalry and were enroute to the Philippines with us. These Texas Rangers had never seen a Pullman sleeper and we had quite a little fun at their expense.

They did not know how to manage the getting in and out of bed and kept up so much racket over their bed rooms that the train crew soon gave up the whole car to these Rangers and placed the other passengers in a car where they could get away from the noise of the dissatisfied sleepers. There was no other fault to these men except their ignorance of a sleeping car. I had occasion to meet them on the firing line a long time afterward and found them to

be excellent soldiers and not afraid of the duty that they had come over to perform.

I must relate one other incident that happened on our way out west. At one of the stations one of the men got off the train and went to buy something in one of the stores near the train shed. In coming out of the door he saw the train fast disappearing and made a rush to catch it. He had forgotten that he had gone up a flight of stairs in getting into the store, and when he made the rush he ran off of a platform about ten feet high and alighted on his head in the middle of the track. He arrived in camp about a week later in a much wrecked condition, owing to his hurry to catch a moving train. After arriving in San Francisco we were taken to the Army Camp, where we were given all the drilling exercises that it takes to make a soldier hyke without getting tired too quick. We remained in San Francisco about two months and in addition to getting in some experience in drilling, we had gotten used to hard tack and a soup that we called "Duke's Mixture." We were finally loaded in a transport and made the start to the firing line. We were a jolly set of boys that morning and we believed that the insurgent army would not last more than a few minutes after we got over there. Our thoughts also ran back to the boys who had failed to pass the examination. We pitied them. The ocean was smooth until we got well out to sea, but when the call was made for dinner, but few responded and those who did failed to show up for the next meal. It makes me sick now to talk about that horrible sea-sickness. I don't think that there is any "sick" that will surpass it. The ocean was rough for many days but finally became smooth on

nearing the equator. We did not stop at Honolulu, but proceeded direct to the Philippines, where we anchored near Corregidor Island. We were soon unloaded on Casiaes and transported to Niac, in the province of Cavite. We only remained there one night. The next morning we were lined up in heavy marching order and started for Iudan, 14 miles to the interior, which was to be our quarters for many months. This heavy marching order consisted of about one hundred and fifty pounds of various kinds of regalia per man. We had been on the water for 28 days and were unfit for marching, even without the equipment we carried. The dust was almost ankle deep and under the rays of a tropical sun. This march resulted in most of our men having to fall out of line and be hauled to the hospital, the remainder of us arriving in camp in an exhausted condition.

Not much of interest happened in the camp above referred to except the usual camping and being called upon at all hours of the night to the firing line when we were sleepy. We lost a few men in battle but not many. The worst of the fighting was over when I got over to the firing line. We had a big earthquake while at this camp which scared the natives into fits and did much damage to the surrounding country. It was here that we learned the famous water cure that you have heard so much talk about. I shall not relate it here but if interested call on me or the Author of the book and you will be told how it is done.

We were kept on the "Hyke" almost all the time after we left the first camp until we reached Manila homeward bound. Finally the glad news to

leave the islands came to us from headquarters and there was much or more rejoicing than when we left San Francisco. We were eager to get back home to our loved ones who were waiting for us. But there were some who never got home but remained in a soldier's grave. We were loaded on the Transport Grant in December 1902 and at once left the God-forsaken country forever. We passed out of the bay and around Corregidor amid the roar of cannon and the shouts of trumpets and finally left the Orient in the background never to return again under similar circumstances. We passed the islands of Japan and stopped at Nagasaki, which has already been described by the Author. At this point we coaled our ship in the usual way, the natives carrying it on their heads in willow baskets, and then turned the prow of the great ocean monster toward our native land. We did not stop at Honolulu either going over or returning, and I am unable to describe any event after we left Nagasaki.

We were thirty days returning to the Golden Gate where a year ago we had been so eager to leave. We were unloaded on Angel Island out in the Pacific ocean and discharged from the service of the United States. We were paid in full and after a few days prowling around the city of aSn Francisco arranged for a special train to takes us home over the Northern Pacific route.

t While in San Francisco, I visited Chinatown, which has been fully described by the Author of this work. One incident that I have not related is as follows: While in the Chinese theatre, one of our boys who had imbibed a little too much fire-water persisted in sitting on a back seat with his feet on top of a man's head for a foot rest. Of course the Chinks couldn't help it and the police were called who refused to interfere with the mess and the same old footstool was used throughout the play with little objection as our boys were well represented with various kinds of fire arms and fire-water. We left the city of San Francisco on May the 25th, 1903, over the Northern Pacific, occupying Pullman sleepers and traveling in great style. I arrived at home on June the first, met my old friends and relatives, had a good time and best of all soon found the "Girl I left behind." I have not left her yet to face the firing line and hope that I shall never be called upon to do so. There are many good things about the army as well as things that are not so good. The temptation to young men is great and hard to bear. The loneliness and constant association with men only is responsible for the most of it. I would not join the army again under ordinary circumstances, but if our people should absolutely need me I am ready

and willing to go and fight under the stars and stripes again. A man who would not is not much of an American and has no respect for his country. There is but little work a soldier can do in this country at the present time. It looks as though there will never be another cause for a great army and I hope will never be but if some of the great powers ever declare war against the Red, White and Blue you will count on H. G. Maxey being willing to handle that old Krag rifle once more and go wherever called upon in the defense of our beloved country.

I still love a soldier who has devoted part of his time to the service of his country and the music of those old national airs still thrills my blood as in time of yore. It is not all forgotten and never will be.

This chapter is contributed by a request of my friend and comrade who made the circumnavigation of the globe in the service of the country two years before I enlisted.

I hope that all who have read this short chapter of mine have nothing to regret.

Truly yours,

H. G. MAXEY, Sturgis, Ky.

**Some Experiences and remeniscences of Rev. John
E. Cox, Ex Regular 1872—1876.**

The following chapter is not written by Rev. Cox at this time, but is clipped from a book of which he is the Author.

He says in part:

CATCHING THE CRAZE.

“Sunday morning, August the 25th, 1872, I was sitting on my father’s barn yard gate, thinking seriously. My thoughts ran in about this channel: I am twenty years old and past; father and mother want me to settle down and begin some work or business for life, and this is just what I should do. But this is just what I don’t wish to do. I want to see the world before I tie myself to business; I desire to travel more than I desire to do anything else in all the world. But how can I travel and see the world? I have no money. I never was away from home, and don’t know how to get away. I was really sad, dissatisfied and puzzled with the situation and did not know what to do. Hearing the sound of an approaching horseman, I looked up, to see reigning in his horse before me, a young man of my acquaintance. We exchanged salutations. I noticed that my friend was looking at me rather strangely, while there was an awkward pause in the conversation. I looked at my friend. He looked at me. At last, not knowing what to say, I broke the silence by a ——. Well what is it? ‘Say John,’ he blurted out in reply, ‘you would make a fine soldier.’ His reply surprised and puzzled me, for I will acknowledge that I was so green that I didn’t know that there was such a person in existence as

a United States soldier. "I'm just from the city," my friend explained, "and I saw a recruiting party there, drumming up recruits for the regular army, to be sent to California, and I have about made up my mind to enlist." Here was an opportunity to see the world. A trip to California. That seemed too much to hope for. I needed not to consider, to advise, to ask any questions. My mind was made up in ten seconds to enlist, and it was no whim that had seized me, but a determination as firm as the everlasting hills.

"I will see you at church today, I said to my friend as I jumped off the gate and went into the house to begin preparations for my departure from home.

"My friend and I heard no sermon that day. Rather we occupied the time that should have been given to worship in planning to go soldiering. I knew that my parents and friends would never give their consent to my enlisting in the army, so I made up my mind to not let them know anything of my intentions. I shall not be home tonight father, I said in the evening.

"All right my son," was his reply.

"When night came on we started. I paused on the hill to take one last look at my home. I felt that it would never be my home again. And it never was. I felt that in all probability that I should never see some of the dear ones in the old home again. And I never saw some of them again. It may have been an unsoldiery thing to do, but I confess that as I turned away from the old home for-

ever, I cried.

"Did I hesitate or regret my decision? No indeed. I may have felt that it was a wrong, wicked thing to do, to leave my home and friends in this way; and I should probably be sorry for doing it, but the idea of being a soldier, so possessed me, that I believe now that no influence, however powerful, could have changed my purpose. I had the soldier craze and had it bad.

Enlisting.

"'Glad to see you, boys,' was the greeting of the Sergeant at the foot of the stairway leading up to the office. 'You want to enlist of course. All of the young fellows do. Just right time too, you will be sent right over to California.' Of course I thought that the old Sergeant knew it all.

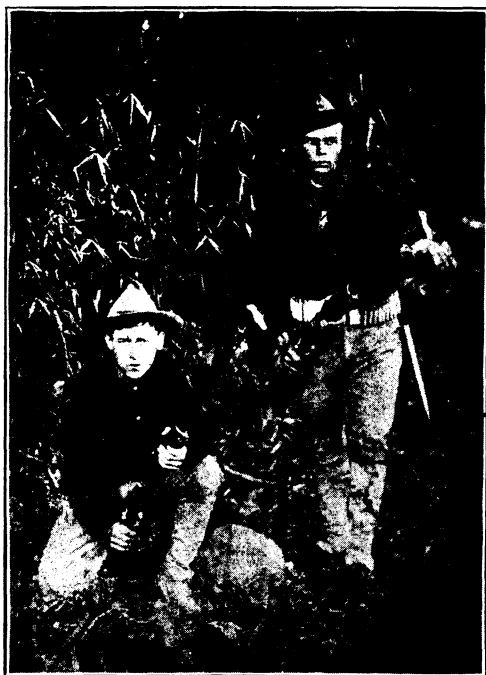
"Now, when I remember him —, well, I think of Ananias too. Lieutenant Luhn, the recruiting officer asked me if I was of age. I assured him that I was. 'You don't look it,' he remarked doubtfully. The next question was a poser.

"'Did you advise with your parents before deciding to enlist?'

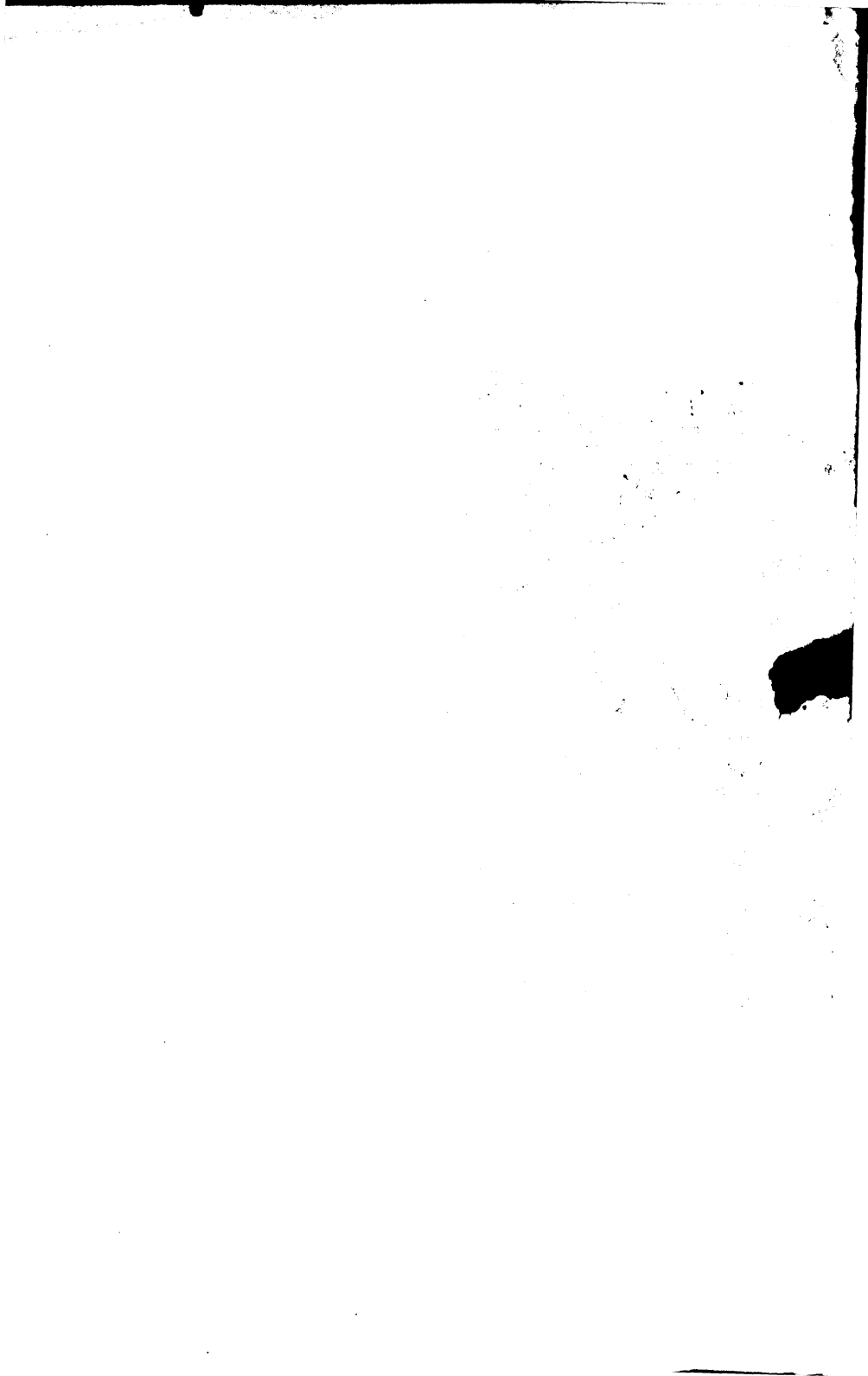
"I had to acknowledge that I had not.

"'Take my advise young man and return to your home and have a talk with your parents in regard to this matter,' insisted the lieutenant. But good advice was wasted when bestowed upon me under the circumstances. Nothing would satisfy me but to become a soldier. Seeing that I was determined, the manner of the officer was changed, and he said sternly, 'Hold up your hand young man and be sworn.'

"The craze had borne fruit. When my hand



SHARP SHOOTERS ON DUTY.



dropped, I was a soldier. I was 'sworn in,' and such an obligation.

"The Lieutenant at once turned me over to the Sergeant, who had me toe a crack in the middle of the room, while he read to me from a well worn blue book the one hundred articles of War. It seemed to me that there was a thousand of them before he got through with them. Each article has it's penalty, 'shall suffer death' or such other punishment as the court martial shall inflict. The old Sergeant placed special emphasis on 'death,' at the same time glancing at me to see that I was duly impressed, and I was.

"Bidding the Lieutenant and the Sergeant with the Ananias propensities good bye, we left at once for Newport barracks, in charge of a Corporal."

Next we find Brother Cox at Fort Thamos, a place that he didn't like at ail. He says:

"My month at Newport barracks was more disagreeable than the rest of my enlistment. The barracks with it's high stone fence and sombre buildings had a prison like appearance. Everything and everybody seemed to be conspired against the recruit. It seemed to be, to maké his initiation as narrassing as possible. The officers seemed to be cross and the sergeants petty tyrants. The least blunder was followed with 'come to the guard house with me,' and going to the guard hause prison, was, to the recruit, like going to purgatory. There were forty prisoners, deserters and criminals. Unless the unfortunate recruits could pay these toughs a 'ransom'—tobacc money, they would do some initiating work themselves, by tossing up the embryonic sol-

down in a Government blanket. A trip from a Government blanket toward the moon is not a dangerous experience, but is exhilarating. A repetition of the dose is never desired. Then food was scanty and poor. The first time that I sat down to the regulation ration, a slice of the fattest bacon, a slice of bread and a bowl of coffee, I thought of home and of the Ananias recruiting officers. The old sergeant had been careful to extol the excellence and variety of Newport grub.

"We had drills, parades and inspections every day until my brain was almost paralyzed by the heavy load of 'Upton' which was trying to digest."

Brother Cox relates a funny incident at Newport which I will quote from his own work.

"The old doctor in rage, declared that his ripe tomatoes and melons that he had watched and guarded all summer, had been stolen. And our party of recruits, when dinner call sounded, had strangely, lost all appetite for ordinary soldier grub. I rather believe the old doctor felt like accusing us of being the raiders, for he threatened to have us searched. But if he had carried his threat into execution, he would not have found his garden truck, unless he had searched with his dissecting knife."

We next find our comrade at Fort Brady, Mich. Rev. Cox says in part of this place:

"I soon found Fort Brady a paradise compared with Newport. Our officers took an interest in us, the Sergeants and Corporals were not petty tyrants, quarters were roomy and convenient, grub was abundant and good while the surroundings were pleasant. We were soon being drilled in the use of arms, and the many things necessary for a sol-

dier to know. Within three months I was given the Corporal's cheverons, and was so proud that I necessarily became cross-eyed, trying to gaze on all my stripes at once. In the summer of 1873 I went home on a furlough. Soon after my return, I was made acting Sergeant Major of the Post, and so was located in the Adjutant's office the rest of my stay. I have only pleasant memories of my stay at Brady."

We next find him at Fort Randall, Dakota. He says of Fort Randall:

"Fort Randall is situated about seventy-five miles above Yankton, and in the olden times was a large and important post. Here I remained for two years. I did some regular guard duty; did detachment duty at Ponce for a few weeks; was post librarian for a few months; went to Little Rock, Ark. in charge of a prisoner; was Sergeant in charge Paymasters; guard on a trip up the river; was with the Major Walker's Black Hills expedition, and finished up by being promoted "Stable Boss."

Once I thought smoking a pipe would be a comfort under the circumstances, and so procured a briar root and some fine cut and then began operations. That was my first and last smoke. About the only unpleasant memory of Randall is that smoke."

We next find him with the Black Hills expedition. He says of this expedition, in part:

"Being anxious to get out of the dull old garrison, I volunteered to take the place of a man whose term of service would have soon expired, and so became a member of the little expedition. But as

insignificant as our little command may seem to have been, it made a record which will ever remain as an interesting chapter of the Black Hills history. "Isn't this fun," I remarked that afternoon as we marched out of the old fort. And how I pitied the comrades who were doomed to stay behind. Months later as I came limping back, after a thousand mile march, I thought the old garrison was almost a paradise."

Rev. Cox relates many funny incidents on this Black Hills expedition which I have not the space to write, owing to the limited space of my contract with the publishers. I shall give one incident as he writes it in the book of which he is the Author. It seemed that Gen. Custer's men had discovered gold in the Black Hills country and the people were flocking to the Government reservation in great numbers. This was the duty of the U. S. soldiers, to keep them off the Government property. Rev. Cox was in charge of a detachment of men guarding a road when the insurgents made an attempt to cross the line into the Black Hills territory. He says in part:

"I could see by their determined manner, that they proposed to see whether or not we were bluffing. We could settle the point. By this time both parties were on the dead run for the sentry, who stood in the trail with his eyes fixed on the approaching carriage. 'Carry Arms,' I commanded, then, 'With ball cartridge load.' I was determined to carry out my orders. 'Halt' came the stern challenge of the sentry. 'Halt' fell from the sentry's lips the second time. My heart almost leaped to my mouth, as I saw the white faced driver still urging his horses

on, seemingly determined to run right over the sentry. 'Halt' the third and last time fell the challenge. Click, click, sounded the hammer of the musket at it was brought into full cock, up went the deadly weapon to the determined soldier's eye, when just in time, the panting horses were reined in. Even then they were almost against the soldier.

" 'Would you murder a free American citizen, who is attending strictly to his own business?' cried out Mr. Evans, his countenance white and lurid with excitement and anger.

" 'I'd shoot the President of the United States if he should run across my beat against orders,' growled Old Nelson. 'I don't recognize your authority,' persisted the irate gold miner.

" 'We are here to obey orders, Mr. Evans, not to argue the right or wrong of this matter, I put in. You must return to your camp. And take my advice, never presume again that a regular soldier is bluffing.'"

There are many more incidents of a similar character that occurred while my friend and comrade was with the Black Hills expedition that I cannot spare the space for.

We next find our dear comrade before the footlights in a play composed of army men. Of course there being no women in the army they had to dress 'em up as ladies. He reports success in this undertaking.

We next find the Sergeant out hunting bears, deer, ducks and any old thing that he could shoot. On one occasion he fortified himself in an old trapper's shack and shot so many different species of game that his men near him thought that he had a

detachment of men and was being entertained by a band of Indians, so they ran many miles to his aid and found that our friend was only located in a trapper's shack shooting the fowls of the air in great numbers. He says of these hunting trips:

"Every day we secured game, until several of the trees around our camp had deer suspended from their boughs. In fact our camp reminded me of hog killing time, back in the Hoosier state."

We must relate a funny incident in which our comrade was engaged, or at least, enforced the orders. His story of this incident is as follows:

"Once two of our best men incurred the displeasure of the Lieutenant and he determined to punish them. I was ordered to put them in charge of sentry number One, and have them accompany him on his tramp around the quarters for twelve hours.

"Sergeant get the largest sticks in the wood pile," concluded the irate officer.

"I hastened away to obey orders. We soon found just what we were looking for, two huge cottonwood sticks, the heaviest part was the bark, the wood having been destroyed by the dry rot. The boys began to shoulder the heavy sticks () with great difficulty, and then began their slow march around their quarters in charge of Number One.

"When out of sight of the Lieutenant, the logs were carried with ease, and the lads often eased the tedium of their exercise by a jig dance that would have discounted Mush's best efforts on the stage. But when in view of the Lieutenant and his

sympathetic wife, the efforts required to tote those logs were truly painful.

"Two hours passed and the boys were evidently almost exhausted. They staggered, rather than walked—that is when in view of the officers' quarters. I could see that the officer and his good wife were interested spectators of the performance, and so, slipping out, encouraged the boys to persevere, as I believed, from the indications that victory would soon rest on our banner.

"Every round now seemed that it must be the last, exhausted nature could hold out no longer. Just as I expected, the Lieutenant called me over to his quarters. 'Release the men Sergeant, and I hope they won't forget this experience.' I am sure, sir, that they won't forget soon, performing the pump-handle act as respectful as possible.

"The logs were tossed aside and the boys dragged themselves into quarters, where one of them proceeded to give us a specimen of double-shuffle, while the other stood on his head on his bunk. But we obeyed orders strictly in one respect, we never forgot the experience."

We find our comrade doing considerable courting in the wilds of the west and on one occasion he came near getting his business mixed. He had gone over to the post to court the Trader's daughter for awhile one night, and when one of the men came running into the shack, declaring that the Indians had attacked the post, our friend and comrade thought that they were trying to have fun at his expense, so remained quiet in the cabin with his beauty, paying no attention to the rumor. He soon

found that there was something real in the supposed joke, and when he did decide to leave, and on arriving at camp, he found his entire command gone in search of the Indians and the camp deserted, save one gun which belonged to him. He does not explain what he did to clear himself of this incident.

Comrade Cox says in his account of his last campaign as follows:

"Only an outline of our experiences can be given, I cannot tell of the storms encountered, of the long, and hard marches on short rations, and often without water, of camps made without wood for fires; of rivers crossed only with great difficulty; of the many disagreeable experiences encountered while campaigning in the bad lands and there are some people who think that our Regular soldiers have an easy time of it.

"Rations were awaiting the command and most of the boys were rushed off on another long, hard march to intercept Chief Joseph and his band of Nez Percas. And for quite a number of the comrades it was the last march, being killed in the battle which followed a few days afterward.

"I was discharged in camp on the Yellowstone river, Montana, July the 22, 1877, and left the service forever. This ended my soldier experience."

Comrade Cox has the following to say in regard to the Regular United States Army:

"American citizens know that there is a Regular Army of the United States. But a large portion of the people know but little of the service, and which, to many of these, the little knowledge they do have is erroneous. I find but few persons indeed, who know the army as it is. But I find a most encourag-

ing and commendable position on the part of most people to better inform themselves on this subject. I have been asked thousands of questions in regard to the Regular Army, all of which I always take pleasure in answering to the best of my ability, for I wish to do what I can to set facts before the people. In treating this subject I cannot do better than treat some of the questions most generally asked me:

“How much of an Army is there?”

“Twenty-five thousand enlisted men, five regiments of Artillery, ten of Cavalry and ten of infantry.”

“Where is the Army stationed and what are its duties?”

“The Artillery occupies the forts, principally along the coast line, and has enough to do trying to have heavy guns, ammunition, and fortifications in proper condition, to give an enemy, who may ever attempt an invasion of our country, a warm reception. The Cavalry is stationed all up and down the great plains of our country, usually at or near the Indian Agencies. The infantry is broken up in little squads and are found in all parts of the United States, from the Atlantic to the Pacific, from Alaska to the Gulf. Uncle Sam finds enough work for all his ‘boys in blue.’ ”

“What is the proportion of native and foreign born soldiers?”

“About three to one I should estimate.”

“Are the enlisted men from the city or from the country?”

“From both city and country, but the country boys are the most numerous.”

"As a class are the enlisted men intilligent?"

"Never go to the American Army in search of fools. As a class they are bright, quick witted, and well informed. There are among them scholars, travelers, musicians, artists and professionals of various kinds, while every trade is represented. I had a comrade whose voice had been heard in the legislative halls, and who was not only a good public speaker, but an orator. Every military post has a library, well supplied with first-class literature, including the daily papers and magazines, which is well patronized. It is my opinion that our soldiery is not a whit inferior to any other class of American citizens."

"Are not the men addicted to the use of intoxicating liquors too frequently and too liberally?"

"Some are, unfortunately, just as such men are found everywhere, and among all classes. But the man in the army who persists in getting drunk, will find his military pilgrimage a harder road to travel than the traditional 'Jordan' ever was. No intoxicated man or one who gives evidence of being a drunkard will be enlisted in the army. The fact is, in these days, it requires as good a character for admission to our army as for the admission to the average American college. But while there are some drinking men in the army, there are many temperate men. Some of the best temperance societies I ever belonged to were composed entirely of soldiers. Temperance societies are found in all parts of the country among the troops. The first temperance society of Miles, Montana, was the Good Temp-lars Lodge, composed entirely of soldiers. As the log huts arose where liquor was to be sold, our lodge

arose also. As the black flag of death was unfurled over the doggeries, our white flag of temperance was hoisted over our rude temple of temperance. But I have noticed a strange peculiarity in the judgment of many people. If the half of the Sunday excursion party gets drunk, the sober half is not condemned; if a political convention furnishes scenes of drunkenness, debauch, riot, and most of them do, the sober members are not blamed and the political party does not even get a smirch on its character; a gang of college toughs may terrorize whole communities and defy law and order, and yet all the people will swear that each individual student is a saint. But, let a few soldiers disgrace themselves and their uniform by drunkenness and disorderly conduct and many persons will blame every man in the command who wears the blue—however honorable the man may be. Judge our soldiers by the same rules that are applied to the other classes of society, and they will be found to be a praiseworthy class of men.'

"Isn't military life something like slavery?"

"No, military law and discipline is strict, as it needs must be, but the life of a soldier is as far removed from slavery, as the east is from the west."

"Are not the officers brutal and overbearing?"

"Some are, but as a rule, Army officers are gentlemen in fact, as well as in name. There is, of course, no such a thing as chumming between officers and men, but self respecting enlisted men do not expect, or desire such a thing any more than do the officers. But their relations are, as a rule, pleasant. Most officers are just, some are indolent, and many company commanders are 'fatherly.' I never knew

of but two instances of officers striking enlisted men, and one of them was under aggravating circumstances, and I knew of only one case of an officer 'cussing' an enlisted man and he had to appologize publicly for doing it."

"There are no such things practiced as bucking and joggng. Punishment, is generally inflicted through a Court Martial sentence.

"As a rule, a good, self-respecting soldier never has trouble with his officers, but when the officers do get 'down' on a fellow, from any cause whatever, the Lord have mercy on him."

"Do not the soldiers get indolent from the lack of exercise?"

"Let me give an idea of exercise on the plains and then find some place for 'indolence,' if you can. There was regular guard duty, drills, the most vigorous exercise, target practice, frequent inspection, fatigue duties, eternal scrubbing, polishing, cooking, barbering, tailoring, teaming, herding, blacksmithing, carpentering, painting, saw milling, wood chopping, clerking, escorting, campaigning, etc., etc. Lack of exercise indeed. The fact is, the Army is one of the busiest bodies of men in the United States. Generally the soldiers earn their wages by doing downright hard work for the Government, in addition to regular soldier duties."

"Are the soldiers clean and tidy?"

"Yes, the cleanest and neatest body of men in the United States. They have to be. It's rub and scrub every spare moment. Clothing must be washed and pressed often; buttons and equipment must shine like a mirror. Quarters, kitchen and dining room must be fairly snow white. Decoration of the

walls or stove with tobacco juice, would be an unpardonable military sin. I have seen hundreds of churches and residences which were not near so clean and tidy as the average soldiers' quarters."

"Will the Regulars fight?"

"Yes, when they have to. They have never failed to do their duty, in Mexico, the Civil War and hundreds of Indian battles. People often wonder why they do not make a better showing in Indian warfare. If they knew the facts, they would not underrate the army. The fact is, there is hardly ever an Indian battle unless the Indians have every advantage in numbers and position. Then at the last indication of defeat, they surrender, knowing that the soldiers are not butchers and that the Government will not punish them. If they get the advantage they use it for all it is worth. But some people are hard to please. If the Regular fights and licks the red man he is called a butcher, if he is overpowered and killed, they say he won't or can't fight. And for these unfair and unjust conclusions, the press is largely to blame. Too many editors air their smartness by writing up Army matters, when they are not writing from knowledge of facts, but to fill space, and impress their readers with their overwhelming smartness. Last year, during the Indian troubles at Pine Ridge, an influential paper had a smart editorial to the effect that there will be no fighting at Pine Ridge. Our dude soldiers won't fight. They are not built that way. As I read this editorial, I was hot under the collar, for I knew it was untrue, then those Pine Ridge fellows were old acquaintances of mine, my old regiment even was in trenches there. After the battle with Big Foot's

band in which there were sixty-five soldiers killed and wounded, with a loss to the Indians of two hundred, this same paper came out with an indignant editorial, charging the soldiers with being butchers, and gave utterance to a wail, loud and deep, over the affair. With all such people, it's a plain case of blamed if you do and blamed if you don't."

"Are the Regulars capable of enduring the fatigue and exposures of actual warfare?"

"They are trained to ruggedness and to endure hardships, and have never been known to flinch or fail under the severest tests. They have been hurried from the warm clime of the Rio Grande of Arizona to the north and into tents, when the mercury registered thirty degrees below zero, and again they have been rushed out of cold quarters in the north and hurried to Arizona to chase Indians over the burning sands for hundreds of miles. I have, myself, marched on one expedition for a thousand miles, and on another six hundred miles, under the most trying circumstances. Not many men failed to endure this test. In the last Nez Perce war the troops made a forced march of fourteen hundred miles through the roughest country in the United States.

"Featherbed soldiers could never perform such duties.

"Our troops have been weighed in the balance, tested thoroughly and have never been found wanting in this respect."

"Can the patriotism of the Regulars be depended upon?"

"Yes? Ever since the day that General Washington entrusted the old flag into the hands of my

regiment, the enlisted men of the Army have been it's truest defenders. They have carried it on thousands of battlefields, and never once dishonored it. When the South seceded from the Union, there were traitors in all the high places—even about three hundred Regular Army officers—Southern men of course—deserted the flag. But the enlisted men remained loyal from the first to the last. In Texas, Gen. Twiggs and the officers, tried to persuade, bribe and drive the enlisted men into the rebel service, but these preferred imprisonment, with all of it's horrors, to the service under the flag of the rebellion. After twenty-two months of imprisonment, they were exchanged and reached New Orleans. General Banks, at once ordered them sent North, in order that they might, the better recover from the effects of their imprisonment. In his order, he refers to their loyalty and faithfulness in the highest. I quote the closing paragraph of this famous order.

“No government had more loyal supporters. Officers of the Army and Navy, to whom they had a right to turn for counsel and example, who had been educated by the government, who never received a month's pay that was not drawn from it's coffers, nor bore an honor that it did not confer, at the first suggestion, betrayed the mother that nursed them, and destroyed the flag that protected them* * * *. Thank God the officers could not corrupt the men that they commanded. Not a soldier or sailor voluntarily abandoned his post* * * *. Soldiers: Let the gallant men who part from us today receive the honors they deserve. Let them hear the peel of

cannon and cheers of the line. Let them receive, wherever they go, the homage of Army and Navy together—the Army and Navy forever.

“There is the same spirit of true patriotism in the Regular soldier of today that there was in the dark days of the rebellion. Now that the Indian troubles are about settled forever, will there be any need of a Regular Army?”

“Yes, the Army is needed as a National police to compel peace between belligerent states, to quell factional state quarrels, such as the Brooks and Paxter war of Arkansas and the Rustlers war of Wyoming, or to put down lawless uprisings, such as the Chicago mob of 1877. Then while the ‘reds’ of our plains are no longer a source of trouble or apprehension, the ‘reds’ of our cities may yet require the strong arm of the U. S. Government to subdue them. The time may come when it will be necessary to pit the stars and stripes against the red flag of Anarchy. And if that time comes, Uncle Sam’s boys will do their duty. Even now the troops are being located in forts near the large cities. In my opinion, the authorities are locating the troops where it is likely that they will be needed.

“The millinium is not here yet, and doubtless there is work for our American Army in the future.”

How true was the prediction, not ten years from the date it was made.

“How are young men affected by a term of service in the army?”

“Physically they are greatly benefited. The training that they get in gymnastics, drills and the proper carriage of the body, cannot be otherwise,

than beneficial. Lieutenant Luhn, the recruiting officer, remarked at the time that I enlisted: We will save from a consumptive's grave. I believe, now, that he was about correct in his conclusions. I was hollow-chested and stoop shouldered, but I was soon straightened out. I insisted, at first, that I couldn't stand up straight. 'Then we'll put a straight jacket on you,' said the cross old officer. Then I managed to get into position quickly enough. In time the new and natural position became easy and my 'hump' was gone forever.

"Mentally and intellectually, the experience is beneficial. The travel, the intercourse with intelligent society, the opportunities for reading and study, if improved, is a good schooling for most young men. My five years in the service were very helpful to me in these respects. Morally, the effect may not be so good. Army life and experiences are not helpful to religious devotions. Many things combine to demoralize men. The very spirit of warfare is opposed to morals and religion; the isolation and separation from all moral influences from church, from the society of ladies and children, from the blessed influence of home—has its effect on most men. Then there are so many peculiar temptations. Soldiers, as a rule, are sociable, and too often their sociability finds expression in the wine cup and at the card table, although these are not vices peculiar to the army. Then there are many annoying, vexing experiences connected with soldier life. Yet I have known some young men who were benefitted in every way by the service; and on the other hand I have known some men whose moral stamina couldn't stand the test, and it would have been far better for

them to never had enlisted in the service. After all, it depends on the man. If he is a man of fixed principle, of firmness, the service will do him no harm; but if he is of a plastic, unstable disposition, he ought never don the 'blue.'

"There are church privileges at those posts, located near those towns or cities, and the few posts where there are chaplains. There are quite a number of soldiers who are professing, practical Christians. But as I have said, the Army is not the best place to cultivate the Christian graces, and I am inclined to think that the young man who applied at Captain Walker's recruiting office last summer for enlistment, in order that he might study theology, made a mistake."

"Would you advise young men to enlist?"

"No. If I should influence any one to enlist, and he should regret it afterward, as many do, I should have to bear the blame. Let every man be persuaded in his own mind, after due consideration. No one should ever do as I did, rush into the service without investigating or consideration."

So did the author.

"But I desire to advise those who have enlisted, be men, be good soldiers, let cards and intoxicants alone, obey all orders promptly and cheerfully, don't degenerate into a chronic grumbler or 'kicker' and you will leave the service none the worse for your soldier experience.

"In conclusion I wish to say, that our little Army has ever pursued the 'even tenor of it's way,' quietly and modestly. It has ever performed its duties faithfully, without fear or favor. It has never

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